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VOLUME III.

OCCASIONAL PIECES

HINTS FROM HORACE

THE CURSE OF MINERVA

THE WALTZ

THE GIAOUR

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

THE CORSAIR

Frank E. Merrill

" A moment checked his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed."

Photogravure from an original drawing by Frank T. Merrill.

The Works of Lord Byron

With His Letters and Journals
and His Life by
THOMAS MOORE

Edited and with an Introduction by
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

In Sixteen Volumes
Volume III.

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Preface

This volume contains Lord Byron's miscellaneous pieces in verse, produced between January, 1811, when the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" were finally prepared for the press, and January, 1814. Among the shorter effusions at the beginning, are the beautiful songs dedicated to the real, or imaginary, Thyrza; perhaps the most exquisitely graceful, as well as pathetic, of his love poems. These are followed by the satirical pieces, entitled, "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and "The Waltz," in which the progress of Lord Byron's skill in this widely different species of composition may be distinctly, and instructively, traced; and which are now for the first time rendered generally intelligible, by the substitution of names for initials or asterisks, and the accompaniment of explanatory notes.

The reader passes to the three earliest specimens of the author's romantic narrative, — "The Giaour," written in April, and published in May; "The Bride of Abydos," written in November, and published early in December, 1813; and "The Corsair," composed during the last thirteen days of the same months, and published in January, 1814. These vigorous performances, so rapidly following each other, kept the public attention riveted on Lord Byron at this, the most brilliant and, perhaps, the happiest period of his short career. He was enjoying the steady blaze of fame, and exulting in a strength, which now, in general estimation, knew no rival. By a careful

comparison of the original MSS. and successive editions of these splendid poems, the editor has been enabled to collect a rich harvest of various readings, many of them curious, and not a few important; and the margin continues to present a running series of historical, biographical, and critical annotations.

The appendix consists of the poet's Remarks on the Romaic, or Modern Greek Language; with Specimens and Translations, — all produced during his residence in the Capuchin Convent, at Athens, in 1811.

July 20, 1832.

Occasional Pieces

1811–1813

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Occasional Pieces

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.[1]

DEAR object of defeated care!
  Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
  Thine image and my tears are left.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope;
  But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
  My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January, 1811.[2]

SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH.

KIND Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here HAROLD lies — but where's his Epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athens.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG,

"Δεύτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων." [3]

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

Chorus.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellénes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hilled [4] city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.
Sons of Greeks, etc.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?

Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, etc.[5]

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

"Μπενω μες 'τσ' πέριθόλι
'Ωραιότατη Χάηδή," etc.[6]

I ENTER thy garden of roses,[7]
Beloved and fair Haidée,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.
Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,

Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandoned the bowers;
Bring me hemlock — since mine is ungrateful,
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison, when poured from the chalice,
Will deeply embitter the bowl;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save:
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haidée!
There Flora all withered reposes,
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN:

"FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art:
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING:

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.[8]

ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show
And silent ache for thee.

March, 1811.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER.[9]

Stranger! behold, interred together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all:*
You'll find his relics in a *stall.*
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitched, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly — where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole.*
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella?"
For character — he did not lack it;
And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black-it."

Malta, May 16, 1811.

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.

Good plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce:
The poet's fame grows brittle —
We knew before
That *Little*'s Moore,
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*.

September 14, 1811.[10]

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.[11]

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE."

"Oh! banish care" — such ever be
The motto of *thy* revelry!
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights,
Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lower,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
Whose every thought — but let them pass —
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,

By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak — speak of anything but love.

'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorns a tear;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffered more than well
'Twould suit philosophy to tell.
I've seen my bride another's bride, —
Have seen her seated by his side, —
Have seen the infant, which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled,
As fond and faultless as her child; —
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain;
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Returned the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave; —
Have kissed, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And showed, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less.[12]

But let this pass — I'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore;

The world befits a busy brain, —
I'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crimes
Suit with the sablest of the times,
Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
One, who in stern ambition's pride,
Perchance not blood shall turn aside,
One ranked in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age,
Him wilt thou *know* — and *knowing* pause
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause.[13]

Newstead Abbey, October 11, 1811.[14]

TO THYRZA.

Without a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet — no — ne'er again!

Could this have been — a word, a look
That softly said, "We part in peace,"

Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watched thee here?
Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past? But when no more
'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flowed as fast — as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere called but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whispered thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined
That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,
Even passion blushed to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore — I wear it still,
But where is thine? — Ah! where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me — too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in heaven!

October 11, 1811.[15]

STANZAS.

["AWAY, AWAY," ETC.]

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence — for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.

To me they speak of brighter days —
  But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
  On what I am — on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more sweet
  Is hushed, and all their charms are fled;
And now their softest notes repeat
  A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
  Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
  Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all! — but on my ear
  The well remembered echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
  A voice that now might well be still:
Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake;
  Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
  To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
  Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
  Then turned from earth its tender beam.
But he who through life's dreary way
  Must pass, when heaven is veiled in wrath,
Will long lament the vanished ray
  That scattered gladness o'er his path.

December 6, 1811.[16]

STANZAS.

["ONE STRUGGLE MORE," ETC.]

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not formed to live alone:
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing, — all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart — the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deemed the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon —"
Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
"That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent — ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt pressed!

Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallowed when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA.

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevelled hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish — for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan;
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

STANZAS.

["AND THOU ART DEAD," ETC.]

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,

There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
  Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
  So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
  Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
  As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
  And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
  Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
  The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
  Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
  Nor need I to repine

That all those charms have passed away;
I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
  Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
  The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
  Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
  To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
  Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath passed,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
  Extinguished, not decayed;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
  My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
  One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
  Uphold thy drooping head;

And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
  Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
  Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
  Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

February, 1812.

STANZAS.

["IF SOMETIMES," ETC.]

If sometimes in the haunts of men
  Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
  The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
  Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
  The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
  I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemned, appear to smile,
  Unfaithful to thy Memory!

Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaffed,
It is not drained to banish care;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drowned a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanished from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandoned Urn?
No, no — it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14, 1812.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.[17]

Ill-fated Heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employed in vain?

Yet precious seems each shattered part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A fitter emblem of *his own.*

March 16, 1812.

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING.[18]

Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep — for thy tears are Virtue's tears —
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

(*From the Turkish.*)

THE chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound;
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charmed by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,—
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet — till thou couldst think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shivered in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they altered too;
The chain is broke, the music mute.
'Tis past — to them and thee adieu —
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn thy converse,[19] and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
By Friendship ever deemed too nigh,
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb[20]
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offered at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with *thine!*

April 19, 1812.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 10, 1812.[21]

IN one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakespeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld (oh! sight admired and mourned,
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!),
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;

Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,[22]
While thousands, thronged around the burning dome,
Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their home,
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall;
Say — shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Reared where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakespeare — worthy him and *you?*

Yes — it shall be — the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been:*
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell —
Indulge our honest pride, and say: *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelmed the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart.
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,

Sighed his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claimed and claims — nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley [23] ceased to write.
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs;*
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazoned on our line,
Pause — ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute! [24]

Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echoed back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obeyed,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises — may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please — long, long may *you* preside![25]

TO TIME.

Time! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die —

Hail thou! who on my birth bestowed
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me
  Thy future ills shall press in vain:
I nothing owe but years to thee,
  A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;
  It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
  Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sighed to think thy flight
  Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
  But could not add a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
  My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
  To prove thee — not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
  A blank; a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
  Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform;
  The limit of thy sloth or speed
When future wanderers bear the storm
  Which we shall sleep too sound to heed.

And I can smile to think how weak
  Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
  Must fall upon — a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poisoned too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deemed thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and altered eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent anguish I sustain;
And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults — while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know
That joy is harbinger of woe.

STANZAS.

["THOU ART NOT FALSE."]

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grievest,
Too well thou lov'st — too soon thou leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet, —
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
Is doomed to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision,
But truest, tenderest passion warmed?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition;
As if a dream alone had charmed?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love!" — Ah, why
That cruel question ask of me,
When thou mayst read in many an eye
He starts to life on seeing thee?

And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He'll linger long in silent woe;
But live — until I cease to be.

STANZAS.

["REMEMBER HIM," ETC.]

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be blessed:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, repressed.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost
But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroyed might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign — such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;

From what even here hath passed, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

1813.

ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.

When Thurlow this damned nonsense sent,
(I hope I am not violent)
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise —
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

. . . . . .

To me, divine Apollo, grant — O!
Hermilda's first and second canto,
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining —
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

TO LORD THURLOW.

"I lay my branch of laurel down,
Then thus to form Apollo's crown
Let every other bring his own."
— *Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers.*

"*I lay my branch of laurel down.*"
Thou "lay thy branch of *laurel* down!"
Why, what thou'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy withered bough,
Or send it back to Doctor Donne:
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He'd have but little, and thou — none.

"*Then thus to form Apollo's crown.*"
A crown! why, twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Enquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

"*Let every other bring his own.*"
When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,

From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN COLD BATH FIELDS PRISON, MAY 19, 1813.

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore or Tom Brown,—
For hang me if I know of which you may most brag,
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny Post Bag;

. . . . . .

But now to my letter — to *yours* 'tis an answer —
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dressed for proceeding to spunge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon —
Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
I suppose that to-night you're engaged with some codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Rogers;

And I, though with cold I have nearly my death got,
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heath-
cote,
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurra*,
And you'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.[26]

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

When, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell.[27]

September, 1813.

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

Thine eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features — caught
From contemplation — where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charmed from its de-
spair —
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought —
I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.

With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent),
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn —
Such seem'st thou — but how much more excellent!
With nought Remorse can claim — nor Virtue scorn.

December 17, 1813.[28]

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes — but, oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

"TU MI CHAMAS."

In moments to delight devoted,
"My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*. — Oh! change the word —
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my love can never die.

Hints from Horace

Being an allusion in English verse to the Epistle "Ad Pisones, de Arte Poetica," and intended as a sequel to "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

"Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."
— HOR. *De Arte Poet.*

"Rhymes are difficult things — they are stubborn things, sir."
— FIELDING'S *Amelia.*

Note

Authors are apt, it is said, to estimate their performances more according to the trouble they have cost themselves, than the pleasure they afford to the public; and it is only in this way that we can pretend to account for the extraordinary value which Lord Byron attached, even many long years after they were written, to these "Hints from Horace." The business of *translating* Horace has hitherto been a hopeless one; —and notwithstanding the brilliant cleverness of some passages, in both Pope's and Swift's *Imitations* of him, there had been, on the whole, very little to encourage any one to meddle seriously even with that less difficult department. It is, comparatively, an easy affair to transfer the effect, or something like the effect, of the majestic declamations of Juvenal; but the Horatian satire is cast in a mould of such exquisite delicacy — uniting perfect ease with perfect elegance throughout — as has hitherto defied all the skill of the moderns. Lord Byron, however, having composed this piece at Athens, in 1811, and brought it home in the same desk with the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," appears to have, on his arrival in London, contemplated its publication as far more likely to increase his reputation than that of his original poem. Perhaps Milton's preference of the "Paradise Regained" over the "Paradise Lost" is not a more decisive example of the extent to which a great author may mistake the source of his greatness.

Lord Byron was prevented from publishing these lines, by a feeling which, considering his high notion of their merit, does him honour. By accident, or nearly so, the "Harold" came out before the "Hints;" — and the reception of the former was so flattering to Lord Byron, that it could scarcely fail to take off, for the time, the edge of his appetite for literary bitter-

ness. In short, he found himself mixing constantly in society with persons who had — from good sense, or good-nature, or from both — overlooked the petulancies of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and felt, as he said, that he should be "heaping coals of fire on his head" if he were to persist in bringing forth a continuation of his juvenile lampoon. Nine years had passed ere he is found writing thus to Mr. Murray: "Get from Mr. Hobhouse, and send me, a proof of my 'Hints from Horace:' it has now the *nonum prematur in annum* complete for its production. I have a notion that, with some omissions of names and passages, it will do; and I could put my late observations *for* Pope amongst the notes. As far as versification goes, it is good; and, in looking back at what I wrote about that period, I am astonished to see how little I have trained on. I wrote better then than now; but that comes of my having fallen into the atrocious bad taste of the times." On hearing, however, that, in Mr. Hobhouse's opinion, the iambics would require "a good deal of slashing" to suit the times, the notion of printing them was once more abandoned. They were first published, therefore, in 1831, seven years after the poet's death.

Hints from Horace

ATHENS, Capuchin Convent, March 12, 1811.

WHO would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvas with each flattered face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or, should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost[29] — as once the world has seen —
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?
Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning friends.
Believe me, Moschus, like that picture seems
The book which, sillier than a sick man's dreams,
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists know,
May shoot a little with a lengthened bow;
We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
And grant in turn the pardon which we ask;
But make not monsters spring from gentle dams —
Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not lambs.

A laboured, long exordium, sometimes tends
(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends;
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down
As pertness passes with a legal gown:
Thus many a bard describes in pompous strain
The clear brook babbling through the goodly plain:
The groves of Granta, and her gothic halls,
King's Coll., Cam's stream, stained windows, and
old walls;
Or, in advent'rous numbers, neatly aims
To paint a rainbow, or — the river Thames.

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine —
But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign;
You plan a *vase* — it dwindles to a *pot;*
Then glide down Grub-street — fasting and forgot;
Laughed into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till — true.

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
Let it at least be simple and entire.

The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a scribe)
Are led astray by some peculiar lure.
I labour to be brief — become obscure;
One falls while following elegance too fast;
Another soars, inflated with bombast;
Too low a third crawls on, afraid to fly,
He spins his subject to satiety;

Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the waves!

Unless your care's exact, your judgment nice,
The flight from folly leads but into vice;
None are complete, all wanting in some part,
Like certain tailors, limited in art.
For galligaskins Slowshears is your man;
But coats must claim another artisan.
Now this to me, I own, seems much the same
As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame;
Or, with a fair complexion, to expose
Black eyes, black ringlets, but — a bottle nose!

Dear authors! suit your topics to your strength,
And ponder well your subject, and its length;
Nor lift your load, before you're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.
But lucid Order, and Wit's siren voice,
Await the poet, skilful in his choice;
With native eloquence he soars along,
Grace in his thoughts, and music in his song.

Let judgment teach him wisely to combine
With future parts the now omitted line:
This shall the author choose, or that reject,
Precise in style, and cautious to select;
Nor slight applause will candid pens afford
To him who furnishes a wanting word.
Then fear not if 'tis needful to produce
Some term unknown, or obsolete in use

(As Pitt has furnished us a word or two,
Which lexicographers declined to do);
So you indeed, with care, — (but be content
To take this license rarely) — may invent.
New words find credit in these latter days
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase.
What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse
To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say why not,
As well as William Pitt, and Walter Scott?
Since they, by force of rhyme and force of lungs,
Enriched our island's ill-united tongues;
'Tis then — and shall be — lawful to present
Reform in writing, as in Parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And works and words but dwindle to a date.
Though as a monarch nods, and commerce calls,
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;
Though swamps subdued, and marshes drained, sustain
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar,
All, all must perish; but, surviving last,
The love of letters half preserves the past.
True, some decay, yet not a few revive;
Though those shall sink, which now appear to thrive,

As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and language must alike obey.

The immortal wars which gods and angels wage,
Are they not shown in Milton's sacred page?
His strain will teach what numbers best belong
To themes celestial told in epic song.

The slow, sad stanza will correctly paint
The lover's anguish, or the friend's complaint.
But which deserves the laurel — rhyme or blank?
Which holds on Helicon the higher rank?
Let squabbling critics by themselves dispute
This point, as puzzling as a Chancery suit.

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleen.
You doubt — see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's dean.[30]

Blank verse[31] is now, with one consent, allied
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side.
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's days,
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays;
While modest Comedy her verse foregoes
For jest and *pun*[32] in very middling prose.
Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,
Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse.
But so Thalia pleases to appear,
Poor virgin! damned some twenty times a year!

Whate'er the scene, let this advice have weight:—
Adapt your language to your hero's state.

At times Melpomene forgets to groan,
And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone;
Nor unregarded will the act pass by
Where angry Townly lifts his voice on high.
Again, our Shakespeare limits verse to kings,
When common prose will serve for common things
And lively Hal resigns heroic ire,
To "hollowing Hotspur" and the sceptred sire.

'Tis not enough, ye bards, with all your art,
To polish poems; — they must touch the heart:
Where'er the scene be laid, whate'er the song,
Still let it bear the hearer's soul along;
Command your audience or to smile or weep,
Whiche'er may please you — any thing but sleep.
The poet claims our tears; but, by his leave,
Before I shed them, let me see him grieve.

If banished Romeo feigned nor sigh nor tear,
Lulled by his languor, I should sleep or sneer.
Sad words, no doubt, become a serious face,
And men look angry in the proper place.
At double meanings folks seem wondrous sly,
And sentiment prescribes a pensive eye;
For nature formed at first the inward man,
And actors copy nature — when they can.
She bids the beating heart with rapture bound,
Raised to the stars, or levelled with the ground;
And for expression's aid, 'tis said, or sung,
She gave our mind's interpreter — the tongue,

Who, worn with use, of late would fain dispense
(At least in theatres) with common sense;
O'erwhelm with sound the boxes, gallery, pit,
And raise a laugh with any thing — but wit.

To skilful writers it will much import,
Whence spring their scenes, from common life or court;
Whether they seek applause by smile or tear,
To draw a "Lying Valet," or a "Lear,"
A sage, or rakish youngster wild from school,
A wandering "Peregrine," or plain "John Bull;"
All persons please when nature's voice prevails,
Scottish or Irish, born in Wilts or Wales.

Or follow common fame, or forge a plot.
Who cares if mimic heroes lived or not?
One precept serves to regulate the scene: —
Make it appear as if it *might* have *been*.

If some Drawcansir[33] you aspire to draw,
Present him raving, and above all law:
If female furies in your scheme are planned,
Macbeth's fierce dame is ready to your hand;
For tears and treachery, for good or evil,
Constance, King Richard, Hamlet, and the Devil!
But if a new design you dare essay,
And freely wander from the beaten way,
True to your characters, till all be past,
Preserve consistency from first to last.

'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale;
And yet, perchance, 'tis wiser to prefer
A hackneyed plot, than choose a new, and err;
Yet copy not too closely, but record,
More justly, thought for thought than word for word,
Nor trace your prototype through narrow ways,
But only follow where he merits praise.

For you, young bard! whom luckless fate may lead
To tremble on the nod of all who read,
Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,
Beware — for God's sake, don't begin like Bowles![84]
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain," —
And pray, what follows from his boiling brain? —
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice!
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
The tempered warblings of his master-lyre;
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit"
He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, heaven, and Hades echo with the song.
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
As if we witnessed all already done;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness —
light;

And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
We know not where to fix their several bounds.
If you would please the public, deign to hear
What soothes the many-headed monster's ear;
If your heart triumph when the hands of all
Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,
Deserve those plaudits — study nature's page,
And sketch the striking traits of every age;
While varying man and varying years unfold
Life's little tale, so oft, so vainly told.
Observe his simple childhood's dawning days,
His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and his plays;
Till time at length the mannish tyro weans,
And prurient vice outstrips his tardy teens!

Behold him Freshman! forced no more to groan
O'er Virgil's [35] devilish verses and — his own;
Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstruse,
He flies from Tavell's frown to "Fordham's Mews;"
(Unlucky Tavell! [36] doomed to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils, and by bears,) [37]
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions threat in vain,
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain.
Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash;
Constant to nought — save hazard and a whore,
Yet cursing both — for both have made him sore;
Unread (unless, since books beguile disease,
The p—x becomes his passage to degrees);

Fooled, pillaged, dunned, he wastes his term away,
And, unexpelled perhaps, retires M. A.;
Master of arts! as *hells* and *clubs*[38] proclaim,
Where scarce a blackleg bears a brighter name!

Launched into life, extinct his early fire,
He apes the selfish prudence of his sire;
Marries for money, chooses friends for rank,
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank;
Sits in the Senate; gets a son and heir;
Sends him to Harrow, for himself was there.
Mute, though he votes, unless when called to cheer,
His son's so sharp — he'll see the dog a peer!

Manhood declines — age palsies every limb;
He quits the scene — or else the scene quits him;
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny grieves,
And avarice seizes all ambition leaves;
Counts cent per cent, and smiles, or vainly frets,
O'er hoards diminished by young Hopeful's debts;
Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,
Complete in all life's lessons — but to die;
Peevish and spiteful, doting, hard to please,
Commending every time, save times like these;
Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,
Expires unwept — is buried — let him rot!

But from the Drama let me not digress,
Nor spare my precepts, though they please you less.
Though woman weep, and hardest hearts are stirred
When what is done is rather seen than heard,

Yet many deeds preserved in history's page
Are better told than acted on the stage;
The ear sustains what shocks the timid eye,
And horror thus subsides to sympathy.
True Briton all beside, I here am French —
Bloodshed 'tis surely better to retrench;
The gladiatorial gore we teach to flow
In tragic scene disgusts, though but in show;
We hate the carnage while we see the trick,
And find small sympathy in being sick.
Not on the stage the regicide Macbeth
Appals an audience with a monarch's death;
To gaze when sable Hubert threats to sear
Young Arthur's eyes, can *ours* or *nature* bear?
A haltered heroine [39] Johnson sought to slay —
We saved Irene, but half damned the play,
And (Heaven be praised!) our tolerating times
Stint metamorphoses to pantomimes;
And Lewis' self, with all his sprites, would quake
To change Earl Osmond's negro to a snake!
Because, in scenes exciting joy or grief,
We loathe the action which exceeds belief:
And yet, God knows! what may not authors do,
Whose postscripts prate of dyeing "heroines
blue?" [40]

Above all things, *Dan* Poet, if you can,
Eke out your acts, I pray, with mortal man;
Nor call a ghost, unless some cursed scrape
Must open ten trap-doors for your escape.

Of all the monstrous things I'd fain forbid,
I loathe an opera worse than Dennis did;[41]
Where good and evil persons, right or wrong,
Rage, love, and aught but moralise, in song.
Hail, last memorial of our foreign friends
Which Gaul allows, and still Hesperia lends!
Napoleon's edicts no embargo lay
On whores, spies, singers wisely shipped away.
Our giant capital, whose squares are spread
Where rustics earned, and now may beg, their bread,
In all iniquity is grown so nice,
It scorns amusements which are not of price.
Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing ear
Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to snore,
His anguish doubling by his own "encore;"
Squeezed in "Fop's Alley," jostled by the beaux,
Teased with his hat, and trembling for his toes;
Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes of ease
Till the dropped curtain gives a glad release:
Why this, and more, he suffers — can ye guess? —
Because it costs him dear, and makes him dress!

So prosper eunuchs from Etruscan schools;
Give us but fiddlers, and they're sure of fools!
Ere scenes were played by many a reverend clerk
(What harm, if David danced before the ark?)[42]
In Christmas revels, simple country folks
Were pleased with morrice-mumm'ry and coarse jokes.

Improving years, with things no longer known,
Produced blithe Punch and merry Madame Joan,
Who still frisk on with feats so lewdly low,
'Tis strange Benvolio[43] suffers such a show;[44]
Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives place,
Oaths, boxing, begging, — all, save rout and race.

Farce followed Comedy, and reached her prime
In ever-laughing Foote's fantastic time:
Mad wag! who pardoned none, nor spared the best,
And turned some very serious things to jest.
Nor church nor state escaped his public sneers,
Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers:
"Alas, poor Yorick!" now for ever mute!
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the swoln dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chrononhotonthologos must die,"
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

Moschus! with whom once more I hope to sit
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;
Yes, friend! for thee I'll quit my cynic cell,
And bear Swift's motto, "Vive la bagatelle!"
Which charmed our days in each Ægean clime,
As oft at home, with revelry and rhyme.[45]
Then may Euphrosyne, who sped the past,
Soothe thy life's scenes, nor leave thee in the last;
But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed,[46]
Some merry manuscript of mimes, when dead.

Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,
Where fettered by whig Walpole low she lies;[47]
Corruption foiled her, for she feared her glance;
Decorum left her for an opera dance!
Yet Chesterfield,[48] whose polished pen inveighs
'Gainst laughter, fought for freedom to our plays;
Unchecked by megrims of patrician brains,
And damning dulness of lord chamberlains.
Repeal that act![49] again let Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage — we've time for tears at home;
Let "Archer" plant the horns on "Sullen's" brows,
And "Estifania" gull her "Copper" spouse;
The moral's scant — but that may be excused,
Men go not to be lectured, but amused.
He whom our plays dispose to good or ill
Must wear a head in want of Willis' skill;[50]
Ay, but Macheath's example — psha! — no more!
It formed no thieves — the thief was formed before;[51]
And, spite of puritans' and Collier's curse,[52]
Plays make mankind no better, and no worse.
Then spare our stage, ye methodistic men!
Nor burn damned Drury if it rise again.[53]
But why to brain-scorched bigots thus appeal?
Can heavenly mercy dwell with earthly zeal?
For times of fire and faggot let them hope!
Times dear alike to puritan or pope.
As pious Calvin saw Servetus blaze,
So would new sects on newer victims gaze.

E'en now the songs of Solyma begin;
Faith cants, perplexed apologist of sin!
While the Lord's servant chastens whom he loves,
And Simeon [54] kicks, where Baxter only "shoves." [55]

Whom nature guides, so writes, that every dunce,
Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once;
But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,
And twenty scattered quires, the coxcomb fails.

Let Pastoral be dumb; for who can hope
To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope?
Yet his and Phillips' faults, of different kind,
For art too rude, for nature too refined,
Instruct how hard the medium 'tis to hit
'Twixt too much polish and too coarse a wit.

A vulgar scribbler, certes, stands disgraced
In this nice age, when all aspire to taste;
The dirty language, and the noisome jest,
Which pleased in Swift of yore, we now detest;
Proscribed not only in the word polite,
But even too nasty for a city knight!

Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath made them pass,
Unmatched by all, save matchless Hudibras!
Whose author is, perhaps, the first we meet,
Who from our couplet lopped two final feet.
Nor less in merit than the longer line,
This measure moves a favourite of the Nine.

Though at first view eight feet may seem in vain
Formed, save in ode, to bear a serious strain,
Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of late
This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,
And, varied skilfully, surpasses far
Heroic rhyme, but most in love and war,
Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,
Are curbed too much by long-recurring rhyme.

But many a skilful judge abhors to see,
What few admire — irregularity.
This some vouchsafe to pardon; but 'tis hard
When such a word contents a British bard.

And must the bard his glowing thoughts confine,
Lest censure hover o'er some faulty line?
Remove whate'er a critic may suspect,
To gain the paltry suffrage of "*correct?*"
Or prune the spirit of each daring phrase,
To fly from error, not to merit praise?

Ye, who seek finished models, never cease,
By day and night, to read the works of Greece.
But our good fathers never bent their brains
To heathen Greek, content with native strains.
The few who read a page, or used a pen,
Were satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben;
The jokes and numbers suited to their taste
Were quaint and careless, any thing but chaste;
Yet whether right or wrong the ancient rules,
It will not do to call our fathers fools!

Though you and I, who eruditely know
To separate the elegant and low,
Can also when a hobbling line appears,
Detect with fingers, in default of ears.

In sooth I do not know, or greatly care
To learn, who our first English strollers were;
Or if, till roofs received the vagrant art,
Our Muse, like that of Thespis, kept a cart;
But this is certain, since our Shakespeare's days,
There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays;
Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne
Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Old comedies still meet with much applause,
Though too licentious for dramatic laws:
At least, we moderns, wisely, 'tis confest,
Curtail, or silence, the lascivious jest.

Whate'er their follies, and their faults beside,
Our enterprising bards pass nought untried;
Nor do they merit slight applause who choose
An English subject for an English muse,
And leave to minds which never dare invent
French flippancy and German sentiment.
Where is that living language which could claim
Poetic more, as philosophic, fame,
If all our bards, more patient of delay,
Would stop, like Pope,[56] to polish by the way?

Lords of the quill, whose critical assaults
O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires of faults,
Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fail,
And prove our marble with too nice a nail!
Democritus himself was not so bad;
He only *thought*, but *you* would make, us mad!

But truth to say, most rhymers rarely guard
Against that ridicule they deem so hard;
In person negligent, they wear, from sloth,
Beards of a week, and nails of annual growth;
Reside in garrets, fly from those they meet,
And walk in alleys, rather than the street.

With little rhyme, less reason, if you please,
The name of poet may be got with ease,
So that not tuns of helleboric juice
Shall ever turn your head to any use;
Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a Lake,
And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake;[57]
Then print your book, once more return to town,
And boys shall hunt your bardship up and down.

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,
To purge in spring — like Bayes — before I write?
If this precaution softened not my bile,
I know no scribbler with a madder style;
But since (perhaps my feelings are too nice)
I cannot purchase fame at such a price,
I'll labour gratis as a grinder's wheel,
And, blunt myself, give edge to others' steel,

Nor write at all, unless to teach the art
To those rehearsing for the poet's part;
From Horace show the pleasing paths of song,
And from my own example — what is wrong.

Though modern practice sometimes differs quite,
'Tis just as well to think before you write;
Let every book that suits your theme be read,
So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.

He who has learned the duty which he owes
To friends and country, and to pardon foes;
Who models his deportment as may best
Accord with brother, sire, or stranger guest;
Who takes our laws and worship as they are,
Nor roars reform for senate, church, and bar;
In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,
Bids not his tongue, but heart, philosophise:
Such is the man the poet should rehearse,
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Sometimes a sprightly wit, and tale well told,
Without much grace, or weight, or art, will hold
A longer empire o'er the public mind
Than sounding trifles, empty, though refined.

Unhappy Greece! thy sons of ancient days
The muse may celebrate with perfect praise,
Whose generous children narrowed not their hearts
With commerce, given alone to arms and arts.

Our boys (save those whom public schools compel
To "long and short" before they're taught to spell)
From frugal fathers soon imbibe by rote,
"A penny saved, my lad, 's a penny got."
Babe of a city birth! from sixpence take
The third, how much will the remainder make?—
"A groat."—"Ah, bravo! Dick hath done the sum!
He'll swell my fifty thousand to a plum."

They whose young souls receive this rust betimes,
'Tis clear, are fit for anything but rhymes;
And Locke will tell you, that the father's right
Who hides all verses from his children's sight;
For poets (says this sage,[58] and many more,)
Make sad mechanics with their lyric lore;
And Delphi now, however rich of old,
Discovers little silver, and less gold,
Because Parnassus, though a mount divine,
Is poor as Irus,[59] or an Irish mine.[60]

Two objects always should the poet move,
Or one or both,—to please or to improve.
Whate'er you teach, be brief, if you design
For our remembrance your didactic line;
Redundance places memory on the rack,
For brains may be o'erloaded, like the back.

Fiction does best when taught to look like truth,
And fairy fables bubble none but youth:

Expect no credit for too wondrous tales,
Since Jonas only springs alive from whales!

Young men with aught but elegance dispense;
Maturer years require a little sense.
To end at once: — that bard for all is fit
Who mingles well instruction with his wit;
For him reviews shall smile, for him o'erflow
The patronage of Paternoster-row;
His book, with Longman's liberal aid, shall pass
(Who ne'er despises books that bring him brass);
Through three long weeks the taste of London lead,
And cross St. George's Channel and the Tweed.

But everything has faults, nor is 't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices, at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours, only squall;
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark,[61]
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their mark.[62]

Where frequent beauties strike the reader's view,
We must not quarrel for a blot or two;
But pardon equally to books or men,
The slips of human nature, and the pen.

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,
Despises all advice too much to mend,
But ever twangs the same discordant string,
Give him no quarter, howsoe'er he sing.

Let Havard's[63] fate o'ertake him, who, for once,
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce:
At first none deemed it his; but when his name
Announced the fact — what then? — it lost its fame.
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to doze,
In a long work 'tis fair to steal repose.

As pictures, so shall poems be; some stand
The critic eye, and please when near at hand;
But others at a distance strike the sight;
This seeks the shade, but that demands the light,
Nor dreads the connoisseur's fastidious view,
But, ten times scrutinised, is ten times new.

Parnassian pilgrims! ye whom chance, or choice,
Hath led to listen to the Muse's voice,
Receive this counsel, and be timely wise;
Few reach the summit which before you lies.
Our church and state, our courts and camps, concede
Reward to very moderate heads indeed!
In these plain common sense will travel far;
All are not Erskines who mislead the bar:
But poesy between the best and worst
No medium knows; you must be last or first;
For middling poets' miserable volumes
Are damned alike by gods, and men, and columns.[64]

Again, my Jeffrey! — as that sound inspires,
How wakes my bosom to its wonted fires!

Fires, such as gentle Caledonians feel
When Southrons writhe upon their critic wheel,
Or mild Eclectics,[65] when some, worse than Turks,
Would rob poor Faith to decorate "good works."
Such are the genial feelings thou canst claim —
My falcon flies not at ignoble game.
Mightiest of all Dunedin's beasts of chase!
For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen
Shall never blunt its edge on meaner men;
Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,
Alas! I cannot "strike at wretched kernes."
Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign
A muse and heart by choice so wholly thine?
Dear, d—d contemner of my schoolboy songs,
Hast thou no vengeance for my manhood's wrongs?
If unprovoked thou once could bid me bleed,
Hast thou no weapon for my daring deed?
What! not a word! — and am I then so low?
Wilt thou forbear, who never spared a foe?
Hast thou no wrath, or wish to give it vent?
No wit for nobles, dunces by descent?
No jest on "minors," quibbles on a name,
Nor one facetious paragraph of blame?
Is it for this on Ilion I have stood,
And thought of Homer less than Holyrood?
On shore of Euxine or Ægean sea,
My hate, untravelled, fondly turned to thee.
Ah! let me cease; in vain my bosom burns,
From Corydon unkind Alexis turns:

Thy rhymes are vain; thy Jeffrey then forego,
Nor woo that anger which he will not show.
What then? — Edina starves some lanker son,
To write an article thou canst not shun;
Some less fastidious Scotchman shall be found,
As bold in Billingsgate, though less renowned.

As if at table some discordant dish
Should shock our optics, such as frogs for fish;
As oil in lieu of butter men decry,
And poppies please not in a modern pie;
If all such mixtures then be half a crime,
We must have excellence to relish rhyme.
Mere roast and boiled no epicure invites;
Thus poetry disgusts, or else delights.

Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun:
Will he who swims not to the river run?
And men unpractised in exchanging knocks
Must go to Jackson [66] ere they dare to box.
Whate'er the weapon, cudgel, fist, or foil,
None reach expertness without years of toil;
But fifty dunces can, with perfect ease,
Tag twenty thousand couplets, when they please.
Why not? — shall I, thus qualified to sit
For rotten boroughs, never show my wit?
Shall I, whose fathers with the quorum sate,
And lived in freedom on a fair estate;
Who left me heir, with stables, kennels, packs,
To *all* their income, and to — *twice* its tax;

Whose form and pedigree have scarce a fault,
Shall I, I say, suppress my attic salt?

Thus think "the mob of gentlemen;" but you,
Besides all this, must have some genius too.
Be this your sober judgment, and a rule,
And print not piping hot from Southey's school,
Who (ere another Thalaba appears),
I trust, will spare us for at least nine years.
And hark 'ye, Southey![67] pray — but don't be vexed —
Burn all your last three works — and half the next.
But why this vain advice? once published, books
Can never be recalled — from pastry-cooks!
Though "Madoc," with "Pucelle,"[68] instead of punk,
May travel back to Quito — on a trunk![69]

Orpheus, we learn from Ovid and Lempriere,
Led all wild beasts but women by the ear;
And had he fiddled at the present hour,
We'd seen the lions waltzing in the Tower;
And old Amphion, such were minstrels then,
Had built St. Paul's without the aid of Wren.
Verse too was justice, and the bards of Greece
Did more than constables to keep the peace;
Abolished cuckoldom with much applause,
Called county meetings, and enforced the laws,
Cut down crown influence with reforming scythes,
And served the church — without demanding tithes;

And hence, throughout all Hellas and the East,
Each poet was a prophet and a priest,
Whose old-established board of joint controls
Included kingdoms in the cure of souls.

Next rose the martial Homer, Epic's prince,
And fighting's been in fashion ever since;
And old Tytræus, when the Spartans warred,
(A limping leader, but a lofty bard,)
Though walled Ithome had resisted long,
Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

When oracles prevailed, in times of old,
In song alone Apollo's will was told.
Then if your verse is what all verse should be,
And gods were not ashamed on't, why should we?

The Muse, like mortal females, may be wooed;
In turns she'll seem a Paphian, or a prude;
Fierce as a bride when first she feels affright,
Mild as the same upon the second night;
Wild as the wife of alderman or peer,
Now for his grace, and now a grenadier!
Her eyes beseem, her heart belies, her zone,
Ice in a crowd, and lava when alone.

If verse be studied with some show of art,
Kind Nature always will perform her part;
Though without genius, and a native vein
Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain —
Yet art and nature joined will win the prize,
Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a race,
Must bear privations with unruffled face,
Be called to labour when he thinks to dine,
And, harder still, leave wenching and his wine.
Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,
Have followed music through her farthest flight;
But rhymers tell you neither more nor less,
"I've got a pretty poem for the press;"
And that's enough; then write and print so fast;—
If Satan take the hindmost, who'd be last?
They storm the types, they publish, one and all,
They leap the counter, and they leave the stall.
Provincial maidens, men of high command,
Yea, baronets have inked the bloody hand![70]
Cash cannot quell them; Pollio[71] played this prank,
(Then Phœbus first found credit in a bank!)
Not all the living only, but the dead,
Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head;[72]
Damned all their days, they posthumously thrive—
Dug up from dust, though buried when alive!
Reviews record this epidemic crime,
Those Books of Martyrs to the rage for rhyme.
Alas! woe worth the scribbler! often seen
In Morning Post, or Monthly Magazine.
There lurk his earlier lays; but soon, hot-pressed,
Behold a quarto!—Tarts must tell the rest.
Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's precarious chords
To muse-mad baronets, or madder lords,
Or country Crispins, now grown somewhat stale,
Twin Doric minstrels, drunk with Doric ale!

Hark to those notes, narcotically soft
The cobbler-laureats[73] sing to Capel Lofft![74]
Till, lo! that modern Midas, as he hears,
Adds an ell growth to his egregious ears!

There lives one druid, who prepares in time
'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of rhyme;
Racks his dull memory, and his duller muse,
To publish faults which friendship should excuse.
If friendship's nothing, self-regard might teach
More polished usage of his parts of speech.
But what is shame, or what is aught to him?
He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.
Some fancied slight has roused his lurking hate,
Some folly crossed, some jest, or some debate;
Up to his den Sir Scribbler hies, and soon
The gathered gall is voided in lampoon.
Perhaps at some pert speech you've dared to frown,
Perhaps your poem may have pleased the town:
If so, alas! 'tis nature in the man —
May Heaven forgive you, for he never can!
Then be it so; and may his withering bays
Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in praise!
While his lost songs no more shall steep and
stink,
The dullest, fattest weeds on Lethe's brink,
But springing upwards from the sluggish mould,
Be (what they never were before) be — sold!
Should some rich bard (but such a monster now,
In modern physics, we can scarce allow), . .

Should some pretending scribbler of the court,
Some rhyming peer [75] — there's plenty of the sort [76] —
All but one poor dependent priest withdrawn
(Ah! too regardless of his chaplain's yawn!)
Condemn the unlucky curate to recite
Their last dramatic work by candle-light,
How would the preacher turn each rueful leaf,
Dull as his sermons, but not half so brief!
Yet, since 'tis promised at the rector's death,
He'll risk no living for a little breath.
Then spouts and foams, and cries at every line,
(The Lord forgive him!) "Bravo! grand! divine!"
Hoarse with those praises (which, by flat'ry fed,
Dependence barters for her bitter bread),
He strides and stamps along with creaking boot,
Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot;
Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,
As when the dying vicar will not die!
Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his heart; —
But all dissemblers overact their part.

Ye, who aspire to "build the lofty rhyme,"
Believe not all who laud your false "sublime;"
But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
"Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,"
And, after fruitless efforts, you return
Without amendment, and he answers, "Burn!"
That instant throw your paper in the fire,
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;

But (if true bard!) you scorn to condescend,
And will not alter what you can't defend,
If you will breed this bastard of your brains,[77] —
We'll have no words — I've only lost my pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite thought,
As critics kindly do, and authors ought;
If your cool friend annoy you now and then,
And cross whole pages with his plaguy pen;
No matter, throw your ornaments aside, —
Better let him than all the world deride.
Give light to passages too much in shade,
Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've made;
Your friend's "a Johnson," not to leave one word,
However trifling, which may seem absurd;
Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,
And furnish food for critics,[78] or their quills.

As the Scotch fiddle, with its touching tune,
Or the sad influence of the angry moon,
All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues,
As yawning waiters fly[79] Fitzscribble's[80] lungs;
Yet on he mouths — ten minutes — tedious each
As prelate's homily, or placeman's speech;
Long as the last years of a lingering lease,
When riot pauses until rents increase.
While such a minstrel, muttering fustian, strays
O'er hedge and ditch, through unfrequented ways,
If by some chance he walks into a well,
And shouts for succour with stentorian yell,

"A rope! help, Christians, as ye hope for grace!"
Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a pace;
For there his carcass he might freely fling,
From frenzy, or the humour of the thing.
Though this has happened to more bards than one;
I'll tell you Budgell's story, — and have done.

Budgell, a rogue and rhymester, for no good,
(Unless his case be much misunderstood)
When teased with creditors' continual claims,
"To die like Cato," [81] leapt into the Thames!
And therefore be it lawful through the town
For any bard to poison, hang, or drown.[82]
Who saves the intended suicide receives
Small thanks from him who loathes the life he leaves;
And, sooth to say, mad poets must not lose
The glory of that death they freely choose.

Nor is it certain that some sorts of verse
Prick not the poet's conscience as a curse;
Dosed [83] with vile drams on Sunday he was found,
Or got a child on consecrated ground!
And hence is haunted with a rhyming rage —
Feared like a bear just bursting from his cage.
If free, all fly his versifying fit,
Fatal at once to simpleton or wit.
But *him*, unhappy! whom he seizes, — *him*
He flays with recitation limb by limb;
Probes to the quick where'er he makes his breach,
And gorges like a lawyer — or a leech.

The Curse of Minerva

" Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit."
—*Æneid*, lib. xii.

This fierce philippic on Lord Elgin, whose collection of Athenian marbles was ultimately purchased for the nation, in 1816, at the cost of thirty-five thousand pounds, was written at Athens, in March, 1811, and prepared for publication along with the "Hints from Horace;" but, like that satire, suppressed by Lord Byron, from motives which the reader will easily understand. It was first given to the world in 1828. Few can wonder that Lord Byron's feelings should have been powerfully excited by the spectacle of the despoiled Parthenon; but it is only due to Lord Elgin to keep in mind, that, had those precious marbles remained, they must, in all likelihood, have perished for ever amidst the miserable scenes of violence which Athens has since witnessed; and that their presence in England has already, by universal admission, been of the most essential advantage to the fine arts of our own country. The political allusions in this poem are not such as require much explanation. It contains many lines, which, it is hoped, the author, on mature reflection, disapproved of — but is too vigorous a specimen of his iambics to be omitted in any collective edition of his works.

The Curse of Minerva

ATHENS, Capuchin Convent, March 17, 1811.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,[84]
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens! here thy wisest looked his last.

How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered sage's [85] latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frowned before;
But ere he sunk below Citheron's head,
The cup of woe was quaffed — the spirit fled;
The soul of him that scorned to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign; [86]
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,[87]
And sad and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm;
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye;
And dull were his that passed them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
I marked the beauties of the land and main,
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore;
Oft as the matchless dome I turned to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,
The past returned, the present seemed to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!

Hours rolled along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gained the centre of her softest sky;
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanished god:
But chiefly, Pallas! thine; when Hecate's glare,
Checked by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.
Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
And Pallas hailed me in her own abode!

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self; but, ah! how changed
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!

Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appeared from Phidias' plastic hand:
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance
Seemed weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance;
The olive branch, which still she deigned to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch, and withered in her grasp;
And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimmed her large blue eye;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mourned his mistress with a shriek of woe!

"Mortal!" — 'twas thus she spake — "that blush of shame
Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name;
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,
Now honoured *less* by all, and *least* by me:
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing? — look around.
Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies expire.
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,[88]
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.[89]
Survey this vacant, violated fane;
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorned,[90]
That Adrian reared when drooping Science mourned.
What more I owe let gratitude attest —
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.

That all may learn from whence the plunderer
came,
The insulted wall sustains his hated name:
For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
Below, his name — above, behold his deeds!
Be ever hailed with equal honour here
The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:
Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
But basely stole what less barbarians won.
So when the lion quits his fell repast,
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:
Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own,
The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are crossed:
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!
Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:
Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine!
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame." [91]

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:
"Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.
Frown not on England; England owns him not:
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyles' towers
Survey Bœotia; — Caledonia's ours.
And well I know within that bastard land [92]
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command;

A barren soil, where Nature's germs, confined
To stern sterility, can stint the mind;
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth;
Each genial influence nurtured to resist;
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
Till, burst at length, each wat'ry head o'erflows,
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.
Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
Despatch her scheming children far and wide:
Some east, some west, some every where but north,
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
And thus — accursed be the day and year! —
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;
So may her few, the lettered and the brave,
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
And shine like children of a happier strand;
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed, "once more
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.

Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;
Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

"First on the head of him who did this deed
My curse shall light, — on him and all his seed:
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race:
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
And folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest, *native* gusto is — to sell:
To sell, and make — may Shame record the day! —
The state receiver of his pilfered prey.[93]
Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West,
Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,
With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
And own himself an infant of fourscore.[94]
Be all the bruisers culled from all St. Giles'
That art and nature may compare their styles;
While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
And marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop'[95] there.
Round the thronged gate shall sauntering coxcombs
creep,
To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep;
While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
On giant statues casts the curious eye;
The room with transient glance appears to skim,
Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;

Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then;*
Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper men!'
Draws sly comparisons of *these* with *those*,
And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.
When shall a modern maid have swains like these!
Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
In silent indignation mixed with grief,
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.[96]
Oh, loathed in life, nor pardoned in the dust,
May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!
Linked with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,
Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,
And Eratostratus and Elgin shine
In many a branding page and burning line;
Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,
Perchance the second blacker than the first.

"So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fixed statue on the pedestal of Scorn;
Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
But fits thy country for her coming fate:
Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
To do what oft Britannia's self had done.
Look to the Baltic — blazing from afar,
Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.[97]
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
Or break the compact which herself had made;

Far from such councils, from the faithless field
She fled — but left behind her Gorgon shield:
A fatal gift that turned your friends to stone,
And left lost Albion hated and alone.

"Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy race
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
So may ye perish! — Pallas, when she gave
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.
"Look on your Spain! — she clasps the hand she
hates,
But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.
Bear witness, bright Barossa! thou canst tell
Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.
But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

"Look last at home — ye love not to look there;
On the grim smile of comfortless despair:
Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls.
See all alike of more or less bereft;
No misers tremble when there's nothing left.

'Blest paper credit;'[98] who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas plucked each premier by the ear,
Who gods and men alike disdained to hear;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas! too late:
Then raves for * *; to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign 'log.'
Thus hailed your rulers their patrician clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

"Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanished power;
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
And pirates barter all that's left behind.[99]
No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.
The idle merchant on the useless quay
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
Rot piecemeal on his own encumbered shores:
The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom.

Then in the senate of your sinking state
Show me the man whose counsels may have weight.
Vain is each voice where tones could once com-
mand;
E'en factions cease to charm a factious land:
Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

"'Tis done, 'tis past, since Pallas warns in vain;
The Furies seize her abdicated reign:
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.
The bannered pomp of war, the glittering files,
O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;
The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
That bid the foe defiance ere they come;
The hero bounding at his country's call,
The glorious death that consecrates his fall,
Swell the young heart with visionary charms,
And bid it antedate the joys of arms.
But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,
With death alone are laurels cheaply bought:
Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
His day of mercy is the day of fight.
But when the field is fought, the battle won,
Though drenched with gore, his woes are but begun.
His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name;
The slaughtered peasant and the ravished dame,

The rifled mansion and the foe-reaped field,
Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to yield.
Say with what eye along the distant down
Would flying burghers mark the blazing town?
How view the column of ascending flames
Shake his red shadow o'er the startled Thames?
Nay, frown not, Albion! for the torch was thine
That lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine:
Now, should they burst on thy devoted coast,
Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them most.
The law of heaven and earth is life for life,
And she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife." 100

The Waltz

An Apostrophic Hymn

"Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros." — *Virgil.*

"Such on Eurota's banks, or Cynthia's height,
Diana seems: and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads."
— DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

This trifle was written at Cheltenham in the autumn of 1812, and published anonymously in the spring of the following year. It was not very well received at the time by the public, and the author was by no means anxious that it should be considered as his handiwork. "I hear," he says, in a letter to a friend, "that a certain malicious publication on waltzing is attributed to me. This report, I suppose, you will take care to contradict, as the author, I am sure, would not like that I should wear his cap and bells."

"I unbooted and went to a ball."

Photogravure from an original drawing by R. Wesly Rand.

B. WESLEY RAND

To the Publisher

SIR: — I am a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament-man for a certain borough; having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812.[1] But I was all for domestic happiness; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot, — of which, by the bye, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside — that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birthnight minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the countess's, expecting to see a country dance, or, at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-

[1] State of the poll (last day), 5.

looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round, and round, and round, to a d——d see-saw up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me of the "Black joke," only more "*affettuoso*," till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By and by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down: — but no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "*quam familiariter*"[1] (as Terence said, when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cockchafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the "Vicar of Wakefield," though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenbach), said, "Lord! Mr. Hornem, can't you see they are valtzing?" or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now, that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times over-turned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq., and a few hints from Doctor Busby (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering

[1] My Latin is all forgotten, if a man can be said to have forgotten what he never remembered; but I bought my title-page motto of a Catholic priest for a three shilling bank token, after much haggling for the *even* sixpence. I grudged the money to a papist, being all for the memory of Perceval and "No popery," and quite regretting the downfall of the pope, because we can't burn him any more.

his father's late successful "Drury Lane Address"), I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public; whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

I am, sir, yours, etc., etc.,

HORACE HORNEM.

Note

The title-page of the first edition (4to) of "The Waltz" bears the imprint: London: Printed by S. Gosnell, Little Queen Street, Holborn. For Sherwood, Neely and Jones, Paternoster Row. 1813. (Price Three Shillings.)

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ii. Cambridge: Printed by G. Maitland. For John Murray, etc.

iii. Cambridge: Printed by G. Maitland. For Sherwood, Neely and Jones, Paternoster Row. 1813.

The Waltz

Muse of the many-twinkling feet! [101] whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms;
Terpsichore! — too long misdeemed a maid —
Reproachful term — bestowed but to upbraid —
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
The least a vestal of the virgin Nine.
Far be from thee and thine the name of prude;
Mocked, yet triumphant; sneered at, unsubdued;
Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
If but thy coats are reasonably high;
Thy breast — if bare enough — requires no shield;
Dance forth — *sans armour* thou shalt take the field,
And own — impregnable to *most* assaults,
Thy not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble nymph! to whom the young hussar,
The whiskered votary of waltz and war,
His night devotes, despite of spur and boots;
A sight unmatched since Orpheus and his brutes:
Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz! — beneath whose banners
A modern hero fought for modish manners;

On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's [102] fame,
Cocked — fired — and missed his man — but gained
his aim;
Hail, moving Muse! to whom the fair one's breast
Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.
Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
To "energise the object I pursue," [103]
And give both Belial and his dance their due!

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And hock itself be less esteemed than thee;
In some few qualities alike — for hock
Improves our cellar — *thou* our living stock.
The head to hock belongs — thy subtler art
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,
Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,
And only left us thy d—d debts and dances!
Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
We bless thee still — for George the Third is
left!
Of kings the best — and last, not least in worth,
For graciously begetting George the Fourth.

To Germany, and highnesses serene,
Who owe us millions — don't we owe the queen?
To Germany, what owe we not besides?
So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides;
Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,
Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud:
Who sent us — so be pardoned all her faults —
A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen — and Waltz.

But peace to her — her emperor and diet,
Though now transferred to Buonaparte's "fiat!"
Back to my theme — O Muse of motion! say,
How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way?

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had *mails*),
Ere yet unlucky Fame — compelled to creep
To snowy Gottenburg — was chilled to sleep;
Or, starting from her slumbers, deigned arise,
Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;
While unburnt Moscow [104] yet had news to send,
Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,
She came — Waltz came — and with her certain sets
Of true despatches, and as true gazettes;
Then flamed of Austerlitz [105] the blest despatch,
Which Moniteur nor Morning Post can match;
And — almost crushed beneath the glorious news —
Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's;

One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,
And loads from Frankfort and from Leipsic fairs;
Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,
Like Lapland witches to ensure a wind;
Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and, to back it,
Of Heyné, such as should not sink the packet.

Fraught with this cargo — and her fairest freight,
Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,
The welcome vessel reached the genial strand,
And round her flocked the daughters of the land.
Not decent David, when, before the ark,
His grand pas-seul excited some remark;
Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought
The knight's fandango friskier than it ought;
Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
Displayed so much of *leg*, or more of *neck*,
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

To you, ye husbands of ten years! whose brows
Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse;
To you of nine years less, who only bear
The budding sprouts of those that you *shall* wear,
With added ornaments around them rolled
Of native brass, or law-awarded gold;
To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch
To mar a son's, or make a daughter's, match;

To you, ye children of — whom chance accords —
Always the ladies, and *sometimes* their lords;
To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek
Torments for life, or pleasures for a week;
As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
To gain your own, or snatch another's bride; —
To one and all the lovely stranger came,
And every ballroom echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz! — to thy more melting tune
Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoon.
Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance, forego
Your future claims to each fantastic toe!
Waltz — Waltz alone — both legs and arms demands,
Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;
Hands which may freely range in public sight
Where ne'er before — but — pray "put out the light."
Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
Shines much too far — or I am much too near;
And true, though strange — Waltz whispers this remark,
"My slippery steps are safest in the dark!"
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time!
Ye quartos published upon every clime!
O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;

Can Egypt's Almas [106] — tantalising group —
Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop —
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne?
Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,
Each tourist pens a paragraph for "Waltz."

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yore,
With George the Third's — and ended long before! —
Though in your daughters' daughters yet you thrive,
Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!
Back to the ballroom speed your spectred host:
Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.
No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;
No stiff-starched stays make meddling fingers ache;
(Transferred to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage,[107] women in their shape;)
No damsel faints when rather closely pressed,
But more caressing seems when most caressed;
Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,
Both banished by the sovereign cordial "Waltz."

Seductive Waltz! — though on thy native shore
Even Werter's self proclaimed thee half a whore;
Werter — to decent vice though much inclined,
Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not blind —
Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Stael,
Would even proscribe thee from a Paris ball;

The fashion hails — from countesses to queens,
And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes;
Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads
And turns — if nothing else — at least our *heads;*
With thee even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.
Gods! how the glorious theme my strain exalts,
And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of "Waltz!"

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her *début;*
The court, the Regent, like herself were new;[108]
New face for friends, for foe some new rewards;
New ornaments for black and royal guards;
New laws to hang the rogues that roared for bread;
New coins (most new)[109] to follow those that fled;
New victories — nor can we prize them less,
Though Jenky wonders at his own success;
New wars, because the old succeed so well,
That most survivors envy those who fell;
New mistresses — no, old — and yet 'tis true,
Though they be *old*, the *thing* is something new;
Each new, quite new — (except some ancient tricks),[110]
New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all new sticks!
With vests or ribands — decked alike in hue,
New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue:
So saith the muse: my ——,[111] what say you?

Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain
Her new preferments in this novel reign;
Such was the time, nor ever yet was such;
Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much;*
Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,
And telltale powder — all have had their days.
The ball begins — the honours of the house
First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
Some potentate — or royal or serene —
With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,
Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush
Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
That spot where hearts[112] were once supposed to be;
Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
The strangest hand may wander undisplaced;
The lady's in return may grasp as much
As princely paunches offer to her touch.
Pleased round the chalky floor how well they trip,
One hand reposing on the royal hip;
The other to the shoulder no less royal
Ascending with affection truly loyal!
Thus front to front the partners move or stand,
The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand;
And all in turn may follow in their rank,
The Earl of — Asterisk — and Lady — Blank;
Sir — Such-a-one — with those of fashion's host,
For whose blest surnames — vide "Morning Post"

(Or if for that impartial print too late,
Search Doctors' Commons six months from my
date) —
Thus all and each, in movement swift or slow,
The genial contact gently undergo;
Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,
If "nothing follows all this palming work?" [113]
True, honest Mirza! — you may trust my rhyme —
Something does follow at a fitter time;
The breast thus publicly resigned to man,
In private may resist him — if it can.

O ye who loved our grandmothers of yore,
Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, [114] and many more!
And thou, my prince! whose sovereign taste and
will
It is to love the lovely beldames still!
Thou ghost of Queensbury! whose judging sprite
Satan may spare to peep a single night,
Pronounce — if ever in your days of bliss
Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this;
To teach the young ideas how to rise,
Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes;
Rush to the heart, and lighten through the frame,
With half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame,
For prurient nature still will storm the breast —
Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest?

But ye — who never felt a single thought
For what our morals are to be, or ought;

Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
Say — would you make those beauties quite so cheap?
Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side,
Where were the rapture then to clasp the form
From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm?
At once love's most endearing thought resign,
To press the hand so pressed by none but thine;
To gaze upon that eye which never met
Another's ardent look without regret;
Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
Come near enough — if not to touch — to taint;
If such thou lovest — love her then no more,
Or give — like her — caresses to a score;
Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus blaspheme?
Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.
Terpsichore, forgive! — at every ball
My wife *now* waltzes — and my daughters *shall;*
My son — (or stop — 'tis needless to enquire —
These little accidents should ne'er transpire;
Some ages hence our genealogic tree
Will wear as green a bough for him as me) —
Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,
Grandsons for me — in heirs to all his friends.

The Giaour

A Fragment of a Turkish Tale

"One fatal remembrance — one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes —
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can ring,
For which joy hath no balm — and affliction no sting."

— Moore.

The "Giaour" was published in May, 1813, and abundantly sustained the impression created by the two first cantos of "Childe Harold." It is obvious that in this, the first of his romantic narratives, Lord Byron's versification reflects the admiration he always avowed for Mr. Coleridge's "Christabel," — the irregular rhythm of which had already been adopted in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The fragmentary style of the composition was suggested by the then new and popular "Columbus" of Mr. Rogers. As to the subject, it was not merely by recent travel that the author had familiarised himself with Turkish history. "Old Knolles," he said, at Missolonghi, a few weeks before his death, "was one of the first books that gave me pleasure when a child; and I believe it had much influence on my future wishes to visit the Levant, and gave, perhaps, the oriental colouring which is observed in my poetry." In the margin of his copy of Mr. D'Israeli's essay on "The Literary Character," we find the following note: "Knolles, Cantemir, De Tott, Lady M. W. Montagu, Hawkins's translation from Mignot's History of the Turks, the Arabian Nights. — All travels or histories, or books upon the East, I could meet with, I had read, as well as Ricaut, before I was *ten years old.*"

To

Samuel Rogers, Esq.

As a slight but most sincere token of admiration of his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude for his friendship, this production is inscribed by his obliged and affectionate servant,

Byron

London, May, 1813

Advertisement

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time," or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.[1]

[1] An event, in which Lord Byron was personally concerned, undoubtedly supplied the groundwork of this tale; but for the story, so circumstantially put forth, of his having himself been the lover of this female slave, there is no foundation. The girl whose life the poet saved at Athens was not, we are assured by Sir John Hobhouse, an object of his Lordship's attachment, but of that of his Turkish servant.

The Giaour

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb [115] which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain:
When shall such hero live again?

. . . . . .

Fair clime! [116] where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there — the Rose o'er crag or vale,

Sultana of the Nightingale,[117]
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar[118]
Is heard, and seen the evening star;
Then stealing with the muffled oar
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange — that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed,
There man, enamoured of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,

And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him — but to spare!
Strange — that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed,
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead [119]
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And — but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,

Where cold Obstruction's apathy [120]
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed! [121]
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more! [122]
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth! [123]

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?

Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free —
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;

Enough — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves — nay, the bondsmen of a slave,[124]
And callous, save to crime;
Stained with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast,
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renowned.
In vain might Liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke,
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:
No more her sorrows I bewail,
Yet this will be a mournful tale,

And they who listen may believe,
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

. . . . . .

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
The shadows of the rocks advancing
Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-pirate or Mainote;
And fearful for his light caique,
He shuns the near but doubtful creek:
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumbered with his scaly spoil,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.

. . . . . .

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,[125]
With slackened bit and hoof of speed?
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The caverned echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
The foam that streaks the courser's side
Seems gathered from the ocean-tide:
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast;
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour![126]
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,

But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface:
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
As meteor-like thou glidest by,
Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On — on he hastened, and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew:
Though like a demon of the night
He passed, and vanished from my sight,
His aspect and his air impressed
A troubled memory on my breast,
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;
He winds around; he hurries by;
The rock relieves him from mine eye;
For well I ween unwelcome he
Whose glance is fixed on those that flee;
And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timeless flight.
He wound along; but ere he passed
One glance he snatched, as if his last,
A moment checked his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed,
A moment on his stirrup stood —

Why looks he o'er the olive wood?
The crescent glimmers on the hill,
The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still:
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaike,[127]
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal,
To-night, set Rhamazani's sun;
To-night, the Bairam feast's begun;
To-night — but who and what art thou
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?
And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou should'st either pause or flee?

He stood — some dread was on his face,
Soon Hatred settled in its place:
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient Anger's hasty blush,[128]
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly:
Impatient of his flight delayed,
Here loud his raven charger neighed —
Down glanced that hand, and grasped his blade;
That sound had burst his waking dream,
As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;

Away, away, for life he rides:
Swift as the hurled on high jerreed [129]
Springs to the touch his startled steed;
The rock is doubled, and the shore
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;
The crag is won, no more is seen
His Christian crest and haughty mien.[130]
'Twas but an instant he restrained
That fiery barb so sternly reined;
'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by death pursued:
But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of Memory seemed to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years:
What felt *he* then, at once opprest
By all that most distracts the breast?
That pause, which pondered o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date!
Though in Time's record nearly nought,
It was Eternity to Thought!
For infinite as boundless space
The thought that Conscience must embrace,
Which in itself can comprehend
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;
And did he fly or fall alone?

Woe to that hour he came or went!
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
To turn a palace to a tomb;
He came, he went, like the Simoom,
That harbinger of fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death —
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanished from the stall;
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
The lonely Spider's thin gray pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
The Bat builds in his Haram bower
And in the fortress of his power
The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.

And oft had Hassan's Childhood played
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast
That sound had harmonised his rest;
And oft had Hassan's Youth along
Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;
And softer seemed each melting tone
Of Music mingled with its own.
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
Along the brink at Twilight's close:
The stream that filled that font is fled —
The blood that warmed his heart is shed!
And here no more shall human voice
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
The last sad note that swelled the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:
That quenched in silence, all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill:
Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again.[131]
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow man,
So here the very voice of Grief
Might wake an Echo like relief —
At least 'twould say, "All are not gone;
There lingers Life, though but in one" —
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear;[132]
Within that dome as yet Decay
Hath slowly worked her cankering way —

But gloom is gathered o'er the gate,
Nor there the Fakir's self will wait;
Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
For bounty cheers not his delay;
Nor there will weary stranger halt
To bless the sacred "bread and salt." [133]
Alike must Wealth and Poverty
Pass heedless and unheeded by,
For Courtesy and Pity died
With Hassam on the mountain side.
His roof, that refuge unto men,
Is Desolation's hungry den.
The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour
Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre! [134]

. . . . . .

I hear the sound of coming feet,
But not a voice mine ear to greet;
More near — each turban I can scan,
And silver-sheathed ataghan; [135]
The foremost of the band is seen
An Emir by his garb of green: [136]
"Ho! who art thou?" — "This low salam [137]
Replies of Moslem faith I am." —
"The burthen ye so gently bear
Seems one that claims your utmost care,
And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
My humble bark would gladly wait."

"Thou speakest sooth: thy skiff unmoor,
And waft us from the silent shore;

Nay, leave the sail still furled, and ply
The nearest oar that's scattered by,
And midway to those rocks where sleep
The channelled waters dark and deep.
Rest from your task — so — bravely done,
Our course has been right swiftly run;
Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
That one of — . . .

. . . . . .

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
The calm wave rippled to the bank;
I watched it as it sank, methought
Some motion from the current caught
Bestirred it more, — 'twas but the beam
That checkered o'er the living stream:
I gazed, till vanishing from view,
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemmed the tide, then mocked the sight;
And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to Genii of the deep,
Which, trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.

. . . . . .

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen [138] of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,

And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Woe waits the insect and the maid;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame.

. . . . . .

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,[139]
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain;
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;[140]
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

. . . . . .

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;
The unwonted chase each hour employs,
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eve she fled away
When Rhamazan's last sun was set,

And flashing from each minaret
Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.
'Twas then she went as to the bath,
Which Hassan vainly searched in wrath;
For she was flown her master's rage
In likeness of a Georgian page,
And far beyond the Moslem's power
Had wronged him with the faithless Giaour.
Somewhat of this had Hassan deemed;
But still so fond, so fair she seemed,
Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserved a grave:
And on that eve had gone to mosque,
And thence to feast in his kiosk.
Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
Who did not watch their charge too well;
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's [141] trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet-black steed
Was seen, but seen alone to speed
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

. . . . . .

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well;
As large, as languishingly dark,
But Soul beamed forth in every spark

That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.[142]
Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's[143] arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With Paradise within my view,
And all his Houris[144] beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed,
Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?[145]
On her might Muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone;
On her fair cheek's unfading hue
The young pomegranate's[146] blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new;
Her hair in hyacynthine[147] flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
The cygnet nobly walks the water;
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
The loveliest bird of Franguestan![148]
As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,

And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
When pass the steps of stranger man
Along the banks that bound her tide;
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck: —
Thus armed with beauty would she check
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
Thus high and graceful was her gait;
Her heart as tender to her mate;
Her mate — stern Hassan, who was he?
Alas! that name was not for thee!

. . . . . .

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
With twenty vassals in his train,
Each armed, as best becomes a man,
With arquebuss and ataghan;
The chief before, as decked for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stained with the best of Arnaut blood,
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few returned to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a pasha wore,
Which still, though gemmed and bossed with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;

The faithless slave that broke her bower,
And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

. . . . . .

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer:
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard —
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

. . . . . .

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile:
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And theirs may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there:

Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveiled?

. . . . . .

They reach the grove of pine at last:
"Bismillah![149] now the peril's past;
For yonder view the opening plain,
And there we'll prick our steeds amain:"
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
A bullet whistled o'er his head;
The foremost Tartar bites the ground!
Scarce had they time to check the rein,
Swift from their steeds the riders bound;
But three shall never mount again:
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
The dying ask revenge in vain.
With steel unsheathed, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
Half sheltered by the steed;
Some fly behind the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock,
Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van

Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey;
Then curled his very beard [150] with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:
"Though far and near the bullets hiss,
I've scaped a bloodier hour than this."
And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit;
But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
Nor of his little band a man
Resigned carbine or ataghan,
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun! [151]
In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately ambushed foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle-charger prance.
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand?
"'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;
I know him by his pallid brow;
I know him by the evil eye [152]
That aids his envious treachery;
I know him by his jet-black barb:
Though now arrayed in Arnaut garb,
Apostate from his own vile faith,
It shall not save him from the death:
'Tis he! well met in any hour,
Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!"

As rolls the river into ocean,
In sable torrent wildly streaming;
As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
In azure column proudly gleaming,
Beats back the current many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood,
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus — as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet —
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along.
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;
And pealing wide or ringing near
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
The deathshot hissing from afar;
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers — theirs the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks for life!
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
To seize and share the dear caress:
But Love itself could never pant
For all that Beauty sighs to grant
With half the fervour Hate bestows

Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
True foes, once met, are joined till death!

. . . . . .

With sabre shivered to the hilt,
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
Yet strained within the severed hand
Which quivers round that faithless brand;
His turban far behind him rolled,
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streaked with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;
A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore,[153]
His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fall'n Hassan lies — his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that sealed his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate;
And o'er him bends that foe with brow
As dark as his that bled below. —

. . . . . .

"Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
But his shall be a redder grave;

Her spirit pointed well the steel
Which taught that felon heart to feel.
He called the Prophet, but his power
Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:
He called on Alla — but the word
Arose unheeded or unheard.
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer
Be passed, and thine accorded there?
I watched my time, I leagued with these,
The traitor in his turn to seize;
My wrath is wreaked, the deed is done,
And now I go — but go alone."

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling:[154]
His Mother looked from her lattice high,
She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
The pasture green beneath her eye,
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:
"'Tis twilight — sure his train is nigh."
She could not rest in the garden-bower,
But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower
"Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;
Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised gift?
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
Has gained our nearest mountain's brow,

And warily the steep descends,
And now within the valley bends;
And he bears the gift at his saddle bow —
How could I deem his courser slow?
Right well my largess shall repay
His welcome speed, and weary way."

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
But scarce upheld his fainting weight:
His swarthy visage spake distress,
But this might be from weariness;
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
But these might be from his courser's side;
He drew the token from his vest —
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!
His calpac [155] rent — his caftan red —
"Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed:
Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
But this empurpled pledge to bear.
Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt;
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

. . . . . .

A turban [156] carved in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie

As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorned forbidden wine,
Or prayed with face towards the shrine,
In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!" [157]
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land;
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.
But him the maids of Paradise
  Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes
  On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come — their kerchiefs green they wave,[158]
And welcome with a kiss the brave!
Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

. . . . . .

  But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's [159] scythe;
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis' [160] throne;
And fire unquenched, unquenchable,
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
But first, on earth as vampire [161] sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,

And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse:
Thy victims ere they yet expire
Shall know the demon for their sire,
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
But one that for thy crime must fall,
The youngest, most beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a *father*'s name —
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallowed hand shall tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
But now is borne away by thee,
Memorial of thine agony!
Wet with thine own best blood shall drip [162]
Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go — and with Gouls and Afrits rave;
Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they! [163]

. . . . . .

"How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
His features I have scanned before
In mine own land: 'tis many a year,
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need.
But once I saw that face, yet then
It was so marked with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamped upon his brow.

"'Tis twice three years at summer tide
Since first among our freres he came;
And here it soothes him to abide
For some dark deed he will not name.
But never at our vesper prayer,
Nor ere before confession chair
Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
Incense or anthem to the skies,
But broods within his cell alone,
His faith and race alike unknown.
The sea from Paynim land he crost,
And here ascended from the coast;
Yet seems he not of Othman race,
But only Christian in his face:
I'd judge him some stray renegade,
Repentant of the change he made,
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.

Great largess to these walls he brought,
And thus our abbot's favour bought;
But were I Prior, not a day
Should brook such stranger's further stay,
Or pent within our penance cell
Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
Much in his visions mutters he
Of maiden whelmed beneath the sea;
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
On cliff he hath been known to stand,
And rave as to some bloody hand
Fresh severed from its parent limb,
Invisible to all but him,
Which beckons onward to his grave,
And lures to leap into the wave."

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by;
Though varying, indistinct its hue,
Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
For in it lurks that nameless spell,
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
A spirit yet unquelled and high,
That claims and keeps ascendency;
And like the bird whose pinions quake,

But cannot fly the gazing snake,
Will others quail beneath his look,
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
From him the half-affrighted Friar
When met alone would fain retire,
As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferred to others fear and guile:
Not oft to smile descendeth he,
And when he doth 'tis sad to see
That he but mocks at Misery.
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
Then fix once more as if for ever;
As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so — such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face:
Time hath not yet the features fixed,
But brighter traits with evil mixed;
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it waded:
The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high:
Alas! though both bestowed in vain,
Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
It was no vulgar tenement

To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.
The roofless cot, decayed and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer by;
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

"His floating robe around him folding,
Slow sweeps he through the columned aisle;
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch;
There will he pause till all is done —
And hear the prayer, but utter none.
See — by the half-illumined wall
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
As if the Gorgon there had bound
The sablest of the serpent-braid
That o'er her fearful forehead strayed:
For he declines the convent oath,
And leaves those locks unhallowed growth,
But wears our garb in all beside;

And, not from piety but pride,
Gives wealth to walls that never heard
Of his one holy vow nor word.
Lo! — mark ye, as the harmony
Peals louder praises to the sky,
That livid cheek, that stony air
Of mixed defiance and despair!
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!
Else may we dread the wrath divine
Made manifest by awful sign.
If ever evil angel bore
The form of mortal, such he wore:
By all my hope of sins forgiven,
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"

To love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own;
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
And sterner hearts alone may feel
The wound that time can never heal.
The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine,
But plunged within the furnace-flame,
It bends and melts — though still the same;[165]
Then tempered to thy want or will,
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
But if a dagger's form it bear,

Let those who shape its edge, beware!
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
From these its form and tone are ta'en,
And what they make it, must remain,
But break — before it bend again.

. . . . . .

If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pang that made it less.
We loathe what none are left to share:
Even bliss — 'twere woe alone to bear;
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease — to hate
It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!
It is as if the desert-bird,[166]
  Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
  To still her famished nestlings' scream,
Nor mourns a life to them transferred,
Should rend her rash devoted breast,
And find them flown her empty nest.
The keenest pangs the wretched find
  Are rapture to the dreary void,

The leafless desert of the mind,
  The waste of feelings unemployed.
Who would be doomed to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar
Than ne'er to brave the billows more —
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
Unseen to drop by dull decay; —
Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

. . . . . .

"Father! thy days have passed in peace,
  'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
To bid the sins of others cease,
  Thyself without a crime or care,
Save transient ills that all must bear,
Has been thy lot from youth to age;
And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
Of passions fierce and uncontrolled,
Such as thy penitents unfold,
Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
Within thy pure and pitying breast.
My days, though few, have passed below
In much of joy, but more of woe;
Yet still in hours of love or strife,
I've 'scaped the weariness of life:
Now leagued with friends, now girt by foes,

I loathed the languor of repose.
Now nothing left to love or hate,
No more with hope or pride elate,
I'd rather be the thing that crawls
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
Condemned to meditate and gaze.
Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
For rest — but not to feel 'tis rest.
Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
And I shall sleep without the dream
Of what I was, and would be still,
Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:
My memory now is but the tomb
Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:
Though better to have died with those
Than bear a life of lingering woes.
My spirit shrunk not to sustain
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
Nor sought the self-accorded grave
Of ancient fool and modern knave:
Yet death I have not feared to meet;
And in the field it had been sweet,
Had danger wooed me on to move
The slave of glory, not of love.
I've braved it — not for honour's boast;
I smile at laurels won or lost;
To such let others carve their way,
For high renown, or hireling pay:
But place again before my eyes

Aught that I deem a worthy prize,
The maid I love, the man I hate;
And I will hunt the steps of fate,
To save or slay, as these require,
Through rending steel, and rolling fire:
Nor needst thou doubt this speech from one
Who would but do — what he *hath* done.
Death is but what the haughty brave,
The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;
Then let Life go to him who gave:
I have not quailed to danger's brow
When high and happy — need I *now?*

. . . . . .

"I loved her, Friar! nay, adored —
But these are words that all can use —
I proved it more in deed than word;
There's blood upon that dinted sword,
A stain its steel can never lose:
'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
It warmed the heart of one abhorred:
Nay, start not — no — nor bend thy knee,
Nor midst my sins such act record:
Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
For he was hostile to thy creed!
The very name of Nazarene
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
Ungrateful fool! since but for brands
Well wielded in some hardy hands,
And wounds by Galileans given,

The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
For him his Houris still might wait
Impatient at the Prophet's gate.
I loved her — love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;
And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
If passion met not some reward —
No matter how, or where, or why,
I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:
Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
I wish she had not loved again.
She died — I dare not tell thee how;
But look — 'tis written on my brow!
There read of Cain the curse and crime,
In characters unworn by time:
Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;
Not mine the act, though I the cause.
Yet did he but what I had done
Had she been false to more than one.
Faithless to him, he gave the blow;
But true to me, I laid him low:
Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
Her treachery was truth to me;
To me she gave her heart, that all
Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall;
And I, alas! too late to save!
Yet all I then could give, I gave,
'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.
His death sits lightly; but her fate
Has made me — what thou well may'st hate.

His doom was sealed — he knew it well,
Warned by the voice of stern Taheer,
Deep in whose darkly boding ear [167]
The deathshot pealed of murder near,
As filed the troop to where they fell!
He died too in the battle broil,
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
One cry to Mahomet for aid,
One prayer to Alla all he made:
He knew and crossed me in the fray —
I gazed upon him where he lay,
And watched his spirit ebb away:
Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,
He felt not half that now I feel.
I searched, but vainly searched, to find
The workings of a wounded mind;
Each feature of that sullen corse
Betrayed his rage, but no remorse.
Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face!
The late repentance of that hour,
When Penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave,
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

. . . . . .

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain

Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love — that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die — but first I have possessed,
And come what may, I *have been* blest.
Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
No — reft of all, yet undismayed
But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
For him who dies, but her who died:
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave —
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.[168]
She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!

"Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;[169]
A spark of that immortal fire

With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A Ray of him who formed the whole;
A Glory circling round the soul!
I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall;
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!
She was my life's unerring light:
That quenched, what beam shall break my night?
Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
Although to death or deadliest ill!
Why marvel ye, if they who lose
This present joy, this future hope,
No more with sorrow meekly cope;
In phrensy then their fate accuse:
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem to add but guilt to woe?
Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.
Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
To thee, old man, my deeds appear:
I read abhorrence on thy brow,
And this too was I born to bear!

'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
With havoc have I marked my way:
But this was taught me by the dove,
To die — and know no second love.
This lesson yet hath man to learn,
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
The bird that sings within the brake,
The swan that swims upon the lake,
One mate, and one alone, will take.
And let the fool still prone to range,
And sneer on all who cannot change,
Partake his jest with boasting boys;
I envy not his varied joys,
But deem such feeble, heartless man,
Less than yon solitary swan;
Far, far beneath the shallow maid
He left believing and betrayed.
Such shame at least was never mine —
Leila! each thought was only thine!
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high — my all below.
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same.
The very crimes that mar my youth,
This bed of death — attest my truth!
'Tis all too late — thou wert, thou art
The cherished madness of my heart!

"And she was lost — and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life:
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.
Alike all time, abhorred all place,
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
Where every hue that charmed before
The blackness of my bosom wore.
The rest thou dost already know,
And all my sins, and half my woe.
But talk no more of penitence;
Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence:
And if thy holy tale were true,
The deed that's done canst *thou* undo?
Think me not thankless — but this grief
Looks not to priesthood for relief.[170]
My soul's estate in secret guess:
But wouldst thou pity more, say less.
When thou canst bid my Leila live,
Then will I sue thee to forgive;
Then plead my cause in that high place
Where purchased masses proffer grace.
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
From forest-cave her shrieking young,
And calm the lonely lioness:
But soothe not — mock not *my* distress!

"In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart to heart delights to blend,

Where bloom my native valley's bowers
  I had — Ah! have I now? — a friend!
To him this pledge I charge thee send,
  Memorial of a youthful vow;
I would remind him of my end:
  Though souls absorbed like mine allow
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
Yet dear to him my blighted name.
'Tis strange — he prophesied my doom,
  And I have smiled — I then could smile —
When Prudence would his voice assume,
  And warn — I recked not what — the while:
But now remembrance whispers o'er
Those accents scarcely marked before.
Say — that his bodings came to pass,
  And he will start to hear their truth,
  And wish his words had not been sooth:
Tell him, unheeding as I was,
  Through many a busy bitter scene
  Of all our golden youth had been,
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
To bless his memory ere I died;
But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
I do not ask him not to blame,
Too gentle he to wound my name;
And what have I to do with fame?
I do not ask him not to mourn,
Such cold request might sound like scorn;
And what than friendship's manly tear

May better grace a brother's bier?
But bear this ring, his own of old,
And tell him — what thou dost behold!
The withered frame, the ruined mind,
The wrack by passion left behind,
A shrivelled scroll, a scattered leaf,
Seared by the autumn blast of grief!

. . . . . .

Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watched, and wished to weep;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throbbed to the very brain as now:
I wished but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear:
I wished it then, I wish it still;
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison, despair
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
I would not, if I might, be blest;
I want no paradise, but rest.
'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
I saw her; yes, she lived again;
And shining in her white symar,[171]
As through yon pale gray cloud the star
Which now I gaze on, as on her,
Who looked and looks far lovelier;
Dimly I view its trembling spark;

To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
And I, before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.
I wander, father! for my soul
Is fleeting towards the final goal.
I saw her, friar! and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes;
And rushing from my couch, I dart,
And clasp her to my desperate heart;
I clasp — what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not; so my arms enfold
The all they ever wished to hold.
Alas! around a shadow prest
They shrink upon my lonely breast;
Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye —
I knew 'twas false — she could not die!
But he is dead! within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not, for he cannot break
From earth; why then art thou awake?
They told me wild waves rolled above
The face I view, the form I love;

They told me — 'twas a hideous tale!
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:
If true, and from thine ocean-cave
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart:
But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart!
Or farther with thee bear my soul
Than winds can waft or waters roll!

. . . . . .

"Such is my name, and such my tale.
Confessor! to thy secret ear
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
And thank thee for the generous tear
This glazing eye could never shed.
Then lay me with the humblest dead,
And, save the cross above my head,
Be neither name nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread." [172]
He passed — nor of his name and race
Hath left a token or a trace,
Save what the father must not say
Who shrived him on his dying day:
This broken tale was all we knew
Of her he loved, or him he slew.[173]

The Bride of Abydos

A Turkish Tale

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

— BURNS.

The "Bride of Abydos" was published in the beginning of December, 1813. The mood of mind in which it was struck off is thus stated by Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Gifford: "You have been good enough to look at a thing of mine in MS. — a Turkish story — and I should feel gratified if you would do it the same favour in its probationary state of printing. It was written, I cannot say for amusement, nor 'obliged by hunger and request of friends,' but in a state of mind, from circumstances which occasionally occur to 'us youth,' that rendered it necessary for me to apply my mind to something, anything, but reality; and under this not very brilliant inspiration it was composed. Send it either to the flames, or

'A hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds to fly or fall abroad.'

It deserves no better than the first, as the work of a week, and scribbled 'stans pede in uno' (by the bye, the only foot I have to stand on); and I promise never to trouble you again under forty cantos, and a voyage between each."

To the Right Honourable

Lord Holland

This tale is inscribed, with every sentiment
of regard and respect, by his gratefully
obliged and sincere friend,

Byron

The Bride of Abydos[174]

CANTO THE FIRST

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle[175]
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl[176] in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky
In colour, though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?

'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun —
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done? [177]
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparelled as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skilled to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be cleared." — The train disappeared —
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."
With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.
"Haroun — when all the crowd that wait
Are passed beyond the outer gate,
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld

My child Zuleika's face unveiled!)
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;
Her fate is fixed this very hour:
Yet not to her repeat my thought;
By me alone be duty taught!"
"Pacha! to hear is to obey."
No more must slave to despot say —
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
But here young Selim silence brake,
First lowly rendering reverence meet;
And downcast looked, and gently spake,
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:
For son of Moslem must expire,
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide
My sister, or her sable guide,
Know — for the fault, if fault there be,
Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me —
So lovelily the morning shone,
That — let the old and weary sleep —
I could not; and to view alone
The fairest scenes of land and deep,
With none to listen and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high
Were irksome — for whate'er my mood,
In sooth I love not solitude;
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
And, as thou knowest that for me
Soon turns the Haram's grating key,

Before the guardian slaves awoke
We to the cypress groves had flown,
And made earth, main, and heaven our own!
There lingered we, beguiled too long
With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;[178]
Till I, who heard the deep tambour[179]
Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,
To thee, and to my duty true,
Warned by the sound, to greet thee flew:
But there Zuleika wanders yet —
Nay, Father, rage not — nor forget
That none can pierce that secret bower
But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

"Son of a slave" — the Pacha said —
"From unbelieving mother bred,
Vain were a father's hope to see
Aught that beseems a man in thee.
Thou, when thine arm shall bend the bow,
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
Must pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow.
Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
Thy listless eyes so much admire,
Would lend thee something of his fire!
Thou, who would'st see this battlement
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall

Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
Nor strike one stroke for life and death
Against the curs of Nazareth!
Go — let thy less than woman's hands
Assume the distaff — not the brand.
But, Haroun! — to my daughter speed:
And hark — of thine own head take heed —
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing —
Thou see'st yon bow — it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
But every frown and every word
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
"Son of a slave! — reproached with fear!
Those gibes had cost another dear.
Son of a slave! — and *who* my sire?"
Thus held his thoughts their dark career;
And glances ev'n of more than ire
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
And started; for within his eye
He read how much his wrath had done;
He saw rebellion there begun:
"Come hither, boy — what, no reply?
I mark thee — and I know thee too;
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:
But if thy beard had manlier length,
And if thy hand had skill and strength,

I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
Albeit against my own perchance."

As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:
That eye returned him glance for glance,
And proudly to his sire's was raised,
Till Giaffir's quailed and shrunk askance —
And why — he felt, but durst not tell.
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
Will one day work me more annoy:
I never loved him from his birth,
And — but his arm is little worth,
And scarcely in the chase could cope
With timid fawn or antelope,
Far less would venture into strife
Where man contends for fame and life —
I would not trust that look or tone:
No — nor the blood so near my own.
That blood — he hath not heard — no more —
I'll watch him closer than before.
He is an Arab [180] to my sight,
Or Christian crouching in the fight —
But hark! I hear Zuleika's voice;
Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear:
She is the offspring of my choice;
Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,
With all to hope, and nought to fear —
My Peri! ever welcome here!
Sweet as the desert fountain's wave

To lips just cooled in time to save —
Such to my longing sight art thou;
Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
More thanks for life, than I for thine,
Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
Whose image then was stamped upon her mind —
But once beguiled — and ever more beguiling;
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;
Soft, as the memory of buried love;
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above;
Was she — the daughter of that rude old Chief,
Who met the maid with tears — but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay [181]
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might — the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika — such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the Music [182] breathing from her face,[183]

The heart whose softness harmonised the whole —
And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast;
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest
Zuleika came — and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt:
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel;
Affection chained her to that heart;
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!
How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
In losing what I love so well,
To bid thee with another dwell:
Another! and a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van.
We Moslem reck not much of blood;
But yet the line of Carasman [184]
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
First of the bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands.
Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:

His years need scarce a thought employ;
I would not have thee wed a boy.
And thou shalt have a noble dower:
And his and my united power
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
Which others tremble but to scan,
And teach the messenger[185] what fate
The bearer of such boon may wait.
And now thou know'st thy father's will;
All that thy sex hath need to know:
'Twas mine to teach obedience still —
The way to love, thy lord may show."

VIII.

In silence bowed the virgin's head;
And if her eye was filled with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped,
What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!
Whate'er it was the sire forgot;
Or if remembered, marked it not;
Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed,[186]
Resigned his gem-adorned chibouque,[187]
And mounting featly for the mead,

With Maugrabee[188] and Mamaluke,
His way amid his Delis took,[189]
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
The Kislar only and his Moors
Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
His eye looked o'er the dark blue water
That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his Pacha's turbaned band
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
Careering cleave the folded felt[190]
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;
Nor marked the javelin-darting crowd,
Nor heard their Ollahs[191] wild and loud —
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter!

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
To him Zuleika's eye was turned,
But little from his aspect learned:
Equal her grief, yet not the same;
Her heart confessed a gentler flame:

But yet that heart alarmed or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak.
Yet speak she must — but when essay?
"How strange he thus should turn away!
Not thus we e'er before have met;
Not thus shall be our parting yet."
Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watched his eye — it still was fixed:
She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul's [192] perfume,
And sprinkled all its odours o'er
The pictured roof [193] and marble floor:
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal addressed,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too.
"What, sullen yet? it must not be —
Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of eastern land —
"He loved them once; may touch them yet,
If offered by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the Rose was plucked and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet:
"This rose to calm my brother's cares
A message from the Bulbul [194] bears;
It says to-night he will prolong
For Selim's ear his sweetest song;

And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his altered lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
Nay then I am indeed unblest:
On me can thus thy forehead lower?
And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest,
Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.
I knew our sire at times was stern,
But this from thee had yet to learn:
Too well I know he loves thee not;
But is Zuleika's love forgot?
Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan —
This kinsman Bey of Carasman
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
If shrines that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step admit her vow,
Without thy free consent, command,
The Sultan should not have my hand!
Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?

Ah! were I severed from thy side,
Where were thy friend — and who my guide?
Years have not seen, Time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee:
Ev'n Azrael,[195] from his deadly quiver
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
That parts all else, shall doom for ever
Our hearts to undivided dust!"

XII.

He lived — he breathed — he moved — he felt;
He raised the maid from where she knelt;
His trance was gone — his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
With thoughts that burn — in rays that melt.
As the stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes revealed
In the light of its billows;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flashed the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.
A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,
A lion roused by heedless hound,
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,
And all, before repressed, betrayed:

"Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
With life to keep, and scarce with life resign;
Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;
That vow hath saved more heads than one;
But blench not thou — thy simplest tress
Claims more from me than tenderness;
I would not wrong the slenderest hair
That clusters round thy forehead fair,
For all the treasures buried far
Within the caves of Istakar.[196]
This morning clouds upon me lowered,
Reproaches on my head were showered,
And Giaffir almost called me coward!
Now I have motive to be brave;
The son of his neglected slave,
Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,
May show, though little apt to vaunt,
A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
His son, indeed! — yet, thanks to thee,
Perchance I am, at least shall be;
But let our plighted secret vow
Be only known to us as now.
I know the wretch who dares demand
From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
Holds not a Musselim's [197] control:
Was he not bred in Egripo? [198]
A viler race let Israel show;

But let that pass — to none be told
Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
To me and mine leave Osman Bey;
I've partisans for peril's day:
Think not I am what I appear;
I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!
My Selim, thou art sadly changed:
This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;
But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
My love thou surely knew'st before,
It ne'er was less, nor can be more.
To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
And hate the night I know not why,
Save that we meet not but by day;
With thee to live, with thee to die,
I dare not to my hope deny:
Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
Like this — and this — no more than this:
For, Alla! sure thy lips are flame:
What fever in thy veins is flushing?
My own have nearly caught the same,
At least I feel my cheek too blushing.
To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty;
Do all but close thy dying eye,

For that I could not live to try;
To these alone my thoughts aspire:
More can I do? or thou require?
But, Selim, thou must answer why
We need so much of mystery?
The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'
Beyond my weaker sense extends.
I meant that Giaffir should have heard
The very vow I plighted thee;
His wrath would not revoke my word:
But surely he would leave me free.
Can this fond wish seem strange in me?
To be what I have ever been?
What other hath Zuleika seen
From simple childhood's earliest hour?
What other can she seek to see
Than thee, companion of her bower,
The partner of her infancy?
These cherished thoughts with life begun,
Say, why must I no more avow?
What change is wrought to make me shun
The truth; my pride, and thine till now?
To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
Our law, our creed, our God denies;
Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
At such, our Prophet's will, repine:
No! happier made by that decree,
He left me all in leaving thee.

Deep were my anguish, thus compelled
To wed with one I ne'er beheld:
This wherefore should I not reveal?
Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
I know the Pacha's haughty mood
To thee hath never boded good;
And he so often storms at nought,
Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!
And why, I know not, but within
My heart concealment weighs like sin.
If then such secrecy be crime,
And such it feels while lurking here;
Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,[199]
My father leaves the mimic war;
I tremble now to meet his eye —
Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV.

"Zuleika — to thy tower's retreat
Betake thee — Giaffir I can greet:
And now with him I fain must prate
Of firmans, impost, levies, state.
There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
For which the Giaour may give him thanks!
Our Sultan hath a shorter way
Such costly triumph to repay.

But, mark me, when the twilight drum
  Hath warned the troops to food and sleep,
Unto thy cell will Selim come:
  Then softly from the Haram creep
  Where we may wander by the deep:
  Our garden-battlements are steep;
Nor these will rash intruder climb
To list our words, or stint our time;
And if he doth, I want not steel
Which some have felt, and more may feel.
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
Than thou hast heard or thought before:
Trust me, Zuleika — fear not me!
Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."

"Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now
Did word like this —"
  "Delay not thou;
I keep the key — and Haroun's guard
Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.
To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
My tale, my purpose, and my fear:
I am not, love! what I appear."

The Bride of Abydos

CANTO THE SECOND

I.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warned him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hailed above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
  Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And Night's descending shadows hide
  That field with blood bedewed in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride;
  The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All — save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet — for there my steps have been;
  These feet have pressed the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne —
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
  To trace again those fields of yore,
Believing every hillock green
  Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
  Thine own "broad Hellespont" [200] still dashes,
Be long my lot! and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
  Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That moon, which shone on his high theme:
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
  But conscious shepherds bless it still.

Their flocks are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow:
That mighty heap of gathered ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,[201]
By nations raised, by monarchs crowned,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
Within — thy dwelling-place how narrow!
Without — can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath:
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
But Thou — thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear:
Till then — no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff;
The scattered lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.
Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken Ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran;[202]
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
(How could she thus that gem forget?)
Her mother's sainted amulet,[203]
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next;

And by her comboloio [204] lies
A Koran of illumined dyes;
And many a bright emblazoned rhyme
By Persian scribes redeemed from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute;
And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;
All that can eye or sense delight
Are gathered in that gorgeous room:
But yet it hath an air of gloom.
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
To guard from winds of heaven the breast
As heaven itself to Selim dear,
With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smoother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide;
And though her terror urged retreat,
How could she quit her Selim's side?
How teach her tender lips to chide?

VII.

They reached at length a grotto, hewn
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
And oft her Koran conned apart;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dreamed what Paradise might be:
Where woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdained to show;
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor deemed she, could he long endure
His bower in other worlds of bliss,
Without *her*, most beloved in this!
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
Some change seemed wrought within the grot:
It might be only that the night
Disguised things seen by better light:
That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue;
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled, not such as wield
The turbaned Delis in the field;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red — perchance with guilt!

Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
A cup too on the board was set
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean? she turned to see
Her Selim — "Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crowned turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore:
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glittered at his waist,
Where pistols unadorned were braced;
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white, the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote;
Beneath — his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée.[205]

X.

"I said I was not what I seemed;
And now thou see'st my words were true:
I have a tale thou hast not dreamed,
If sooth — its truth must others rue.
My story now 'twere vain to hide,
I must not see thee Osman's bride:
But had not thine own lips declared
How much of that young heart I shared,
I could not, must not, yet have shown
The darker secret of my own.
In this I speak not now of love;
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:
But first — Oh! never wed another —
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

"Oh! not my brother! — yet unsay —
God! am I left alone on earth
To mourn — I dare not curse — the day
That saw my solitary birth?
Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
My sinking heart foreboded ill;
But know *me* all I was before,
Thy sister — friend — Zuleika still.
Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;
If thou hast cause for vengeance, see!
My breast is offered — take thy fill!
Far better with the dead to be

Than live thus nothing now to thee:
Perhaps far worse, for now I know
Why Giaffir always seemed thy foe;
And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
For whom thou wert contemned, reviled.
If not thy sister — would'st thou save
My life, oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika! nay, I'm thine:
But, gentle love, this transport calm,
Thy lot shall yet be linked with mine;
I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
So may the Koran [206] verse displayed
Upon its steel direct my blade,
In danger's hour to guard us both,
As I preserve that awful oath!
The name in which my heart hath prided
Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,
That tie is widened, not divided,
Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.
My father was to Giaffir all
That Selim late was deemed to thee;
That brother wrought a brother's fall,
But spared, at least, my infancy;
And lulled me with a vain deceit
That yet a like return may meet.
He reared me, not with tender help,
But like the nephew of a Cain; [207]

He watched me like a lion's whelp,
That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
My father's blood in every vein
Is boiling; but for thy dear sake
No present vengeance will I take;
Though here I must no more remain.
But first, beloved Zuleika! hear
How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

"How first their strife to rancour grew,
If love or envy made them foes,
It matters little if I knew;
In fiery spirits, slights, though few
And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
Remembered yet in Bosniac song,
And Paswan's [208] rebel hordes attest
How little love they bore such guest:
His death is all I need relate,
The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
And how my birth disclosed to me,
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,
At last for power, but first for life,
In Widin's walls too proudly sate,
Our Pachas rallied round the state;

Nor last nor least in high command,
Each brother led a separate band;
They gave their horsetails[209] to the wind,
And mustering in Sophia's plain
Their tents were pitched, their post assigned;
To one, alas! assigned in vain!
What need of words? the deadly bowl,
By Giaffir's order drugged and given,
With venom subtle as his soul,
Dismissed Abdallah's hence to heaven.
Reclined and feverish in the bath,
He, when the hunter's sport was up,
But little deemed a brother's wrath
To quench his thirst had such a cup:
The bowl a bribed attendant bore;
He drank one draught[210] nor needed more!
If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
Call Haroun — he can tell it out.

XV.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's feud
In part suppressed, though ne'er subdued,
Abdallah's Pachalick was gained: —
Thou know'st not what in our Divan
Can wealth procure for worse than man —
Abdallah's honours were obtained
By him a brother's murder stained;
'Tis true, the purchase nearly drained
His ill got treasure, soon replaced.
Wouldst question whence? Survey the waste,

And ask the squalid peasant how
His gains repay his broiling brow! —
Why me the stern usurper spared,
Why thus with me his palace shared,
I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,
And little fear from infant's force;
Besides, adoption as a son
By him whom Heaven accorded none,
Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
Preserved me thus; — but not in peace:
He cannot curb his haughty mood,
Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

"Within thy father's house are foes;
Not all who break his bread are true:
To these should I my birth disclose,
His days, his very hours were few:
They only want a heart to lead,
A hand to point them to the deed.
But Haroun only knows or knew
This tale, whose close is almost nigh:
He in Abdallah's palace grew,
And held that post in his Serai
Which holds he here — he saw him die:
But what could single slavery do?
Avenge his lord? alas! too late;
Or save his son from such a fate?
He chose the last, and when elate
With foes subdued, or friends betrayed,

Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
He led me helpless to his gate,
And not in vain it seems essayed
To save the life for which he prayed.
The knowledge of my birth secured
From all and each, but most from me;
Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.
Removed he too from Roumelie
To this our Asiatic side,
Far from our seats by Danube's tide,
With none but Haroun, who retains
Such knowledge — and that Nubian feels
A tyrant's secrets are but chains,
From which the captive gladly steals,
And this and more to me reveals:
Such still to guilt just Alla sends —
Slaves, tools, accomplices — no friends!

XVII.

"All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;
But harsher still my tale must be:
Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
Yet I must prove all truth to thee.
I saw thee start this garb to see,
Yet is it one I oft have worn,
And long must wear: this Galiongée,
To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
Is leader of those pirate hordes,
Whose laws and lives are on their swords;

To hear whose desolating tale
Would make thy waning cheek more pale.
Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
The hands that wield are not remote;
This cup too for the rugged knaves
Is filled — once quaffed, they ne'er repine:
Our prophet might forgive the slaves;
They're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

"What could I be? Proscribed at home,
And taunted to a wish to roam;
And listless left — for Giaffir's fear
Denied the courser and the spear —
Though oft — Oh, Mahomet! how oft! —
In full Divan the despot scoffed,
As if *my* weak unwilling hand
Refused the bridle or the brand:
He ever went to war alone,
And pent me here untried — unknown;
To Haroun's care with women left,
By hope unblest, of fame bereft,
While thou — whose softness long endeared,
Though it unmanned me, still had cheered —
To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
Awaited'st there the field's event.
Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
His captive, though with dread resigning,
My thraldom for a season broke,

On promise to return before
The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
'Tis vain — my tongue cannot impart
My almost drunkenness of heart,
When first this liberated eye
Surveyed Earth, Ocean, Sun, and Sky,
As if my spirit pierced them through,
And all their inmost wonders knew!
One word alone can paint to thee
That more than feeling — I was Free!
E'en for thy presence ceased to pine;
The World — nay, Heaven itself was mine!

XIX.

"The shallop of a trusty Moor
Conveyed me from this idle shore;
I longed to see the isles that gem
Old Ocean's purple diadem:
I sought by turns, and saw them all;[211]
But when and where I joined the crew,
With whom I pledged to rise or fall,
When all that we design to do
Is done, 'twill then be time more meet
To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

"'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
And every creed, and every race,
With them hath found — may find a place:

But open speech, and ready hand,
Obedience to their chief's command,
A soul for every enterprise,
That never sees with Terror's eyes;
Friendship for each, and faith to all,
And vengeance vowed for those who fall,
Have made them fitting instruments
For more than ev'n my own intents.
And some — and I have studied all
Distinguished from the vulgar rank,
But chiefly to my council call
The wisdom of the cautious Frank —
And some to higher thoughts aspire,
The last of Lambro's [212] patriots there
Anticipated freedom share;
And oft around the cavern fire
On visionary schemes debate,
To snatch the Rayahs [213] from their fate.
So let them ease their hearts with prate
Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
I have a love for freedom too.
Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch [214] roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home! [215]
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and Serais to me:
Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow!
But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!
Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;

The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark![216]
Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray![217]
Blest — as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
Soft — as the melody of youthful days,
That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
Dear — as his native song to Exile's ears,
Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Blooming as Aden[218] in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait — wave — defend — destroy — at thy command!
Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
The Haram's languid years of listless ease
Are well resigned for cares — for joys like these:
Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
Unnumbered perils, — but one only love!
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay.
Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray
How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,
Blend every thought, do all — but disunite!

Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide;
Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:[219]
Yet there we follow but the bent assigned
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:
Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace!
I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:
Power sways but by division — her resource
The blest alternative of fraud or force!
Ours be the last; in time deceit may come
When cities cage us in a social home:
There ev'n thy soul might err — how oft the heart
Corruption shakes which peril could not part!
And woman, more than man, when death or woe,
Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover low,
Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame —
Away suspicion! — *not* Zuleika's name!
But life is hazard at the best; and here
No more remains to win, and much to fear:
Yes, fear! — the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
Which love to-night hath promised to my sail:
No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.
With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms;
Earth — sea alike — our world within our arms!
Ay — let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
So that those arms cling closer round my neck:

The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
The war of elements no fears impart
To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art:
There lie the only rocks our course can check;
Here moments menace — *there* are years of wreck!
But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!
This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.
Few words remain of mine my tale to close:
Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;
Yea — foes — to me will Giaffir's hate decline?
And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

XXI.

"His head and faith from doubt and death
Returned in time my guard to save;
Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
From isle to isle I roved the while:
And since, though parted from my band,
Too seldom now I leave the land,
No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
Ere I have heard and doomed it too:
I form the plan, decree the spoil,
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.
But now too long I've held thine ear;
Time presses, floats my bark, and here
We leave behind but hate and fear.
To-morrow Osman with his train
Arrives — to-night must break thy chain:
And wouldst thou save that haughty Bey,

Perchance, *his* life who gave thee thine,
With me, this hour away — away!
But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
Would'st thou recall thy willing vow,
Appalled by truths imparted now,
Here rest I — not to see thee wed:
But be that peril on *my* head!"

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
Stood like that statue of distress,
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother hardened into stone;
All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobé.
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essayed to speak, or look reply,
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flashed on high a blazing torch!
Another — and another — and another —
"Oh! fly — no more — yet now my more than brother!"
Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone — for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand.
They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;
And last of all, his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving:

And now almost they touch the cave —
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood — "'Tis come — soon past —
One kiss, Zuleika — 'tis my last:
But yet my band not far from shore
May hear this signal, see the flash;
Yet now too few — the attempt were rash:
No matter — yet one effort more."
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;
His pistol's echo rang on high,
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benumbed her breast and eye! —
"They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
Then forth my father's scimitar,
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!
Farewell, Zuleika! — Sweet! retire:
Yet stay within — here linger safe,
At thee his rage will only chafe.
Stir not — lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance.
Fear'st thou for him? — may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!
No — though by him that poison poured:
No — though again he call me coward!
But tamely shall I meet their steel?
No — as each crest save *his* may feel!"

"They struggle — now they touch the land."

Original etching by Adrian Marcel.

Bride of Abydos.

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gained the sand:
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band,
A gasping head, a quivering trunk:
Another falls — but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes;
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave:
His boat appears — not five oars' length —
His comrades strain with desperate strength —
Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray;
Wet — wild — unwearied to the strand
They struggle — now they touch the land!
They come — 'tis but to add to slaughter —
His heart's best blood is on the water.

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharmed by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,
Had Selim won, betrayed, beset,
To where the strand and billows met;
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand —
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain?

That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doomed his death, or fixed his chain.
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will Lover's hope remain!
His back was to the dashing spray;
Behind, but close, his comrades lay,
When, at the instant, hissed the ball —
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aimed to err?
'Tis thine — Abdallah's Murderer!
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate:
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling —
If aught his lips essayed to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone!

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away;
Few trophies of the fight are there:
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shivered brand;
Steps stamped; and dashed into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be marked; nor far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat;

And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white capote!
'Tis rent in twain — one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:
But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go, seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow;
That hand, whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levelled with the wave —
What recks it, though that corse shall lie
Within a living grave?
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robbed the meaner worm;
The only heart, the only eye
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scattered limbs composed,
And mourned above his turban-stone,[220]
That heart hath burst — that eye was closed —
Yea — closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
And woman's eye is wet — man's cheek is pale:
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
Thy destined lord is come too late:
He sees not — ne'er shall see thy face!
Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh [221] warn his distant ear?
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
Tell him thy tale!
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
That fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill:
He was thy hope — thy joy — thy love — thine all —
And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
Sufficed to kill;
Burst forth in one wild cry — and all was still.
Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave!
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
That grief — though deep — though fatal — was thy first!
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!
And, oh! that pang where more than Madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep — and never dies;

Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,
That winds around and tears the quivering heart!
Ah! wherefore not consume it — and depart!
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:
By that same hand Abdallah — Selim bled.
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,
Thy Daughter's dead!
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
What quenched its ray? — the blood that thou hast shed!
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?" — an Echo answers — "Where?" [222]

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms,
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief,
Like early unrequited Love,
One spot exists, which ever blooms,
Ev'n in that deadly grove —
A single rose is shedding there

Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
It looks as planted by Despair —
So white — so faint — the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem — in vain —
To-morrow sees it bloom again!
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears;
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unsheltered by a bower;
Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,
Nor woos the summer beam:
To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen — but not remote:
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings
His long entrancing note!
It were the Bulbul; but his throat,
Though mournful, pours not such a strain;
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve,
As if they loved in vain!
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell,

And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well!
But when the day-blush bursts from high
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe,
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame,)
That note so piercing and profound
Will shape and syllable [223] its sound
Into Zuleika's name.[224]
'Tis from her cypress summit heard,
That melts in air the liquid word:
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
That white rose takes its tender birth.
There late was laid a marble stone;
Eve saw it placed — the Morrow gone!
It was no mortal arm that bore
That deep fixed pillar to the shore;
For there, as Helle's legends tell,
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;
Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
Denied his bones a holier grave:
And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turbaned head:
And hence extended by the billow,
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
Where first it lay that mourning flower
Hath flourished; flourisheth this hour,
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale![225]

The Corsair

A Tale

"I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno."

—Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, Canto x.

"THE Corsair" was begun on the 18th, and finished on the 31st, of December, 1813; a rapidity of composition which, taking into consideration the extraordinary beauty of the poem, is, perhaps, unparalleled in the literary history of the country. Lord Byron states it to have been written "*con amore*, and very much from *existence*." In the original MS. the chief female character was called *Francesca*, in whose person the author meant to delineate one of his acquaintance; but, while the work was at press, he changed the name to *Medora*.

To

Thomas Moore, Esq.

My Dear Moore: — I dedicate to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship, to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country,[1] the

[1] This political allusion having been objected to by a friend, Lord Byron sent a second dedication to Mr. Moore, with a request that he would "take his choice." It ran as follows:

"January 7th, 1814.

"My Dear Moore: — I had written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because, though it contained something relating to you, which every one had been glad to

magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality are part of your national claim of Oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable, — Self? I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further the award of "Gods, men, nor columns." In the present composition I have attempted, not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good old, and now neglected, heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart: Scott alone,[1] of the present generation, has hitherto

hear, yet there was too much about politics, and poesy, and all things whatsoever, ending with that topic on which most men are fluent, and none very amusing, — *one's self*. It might have been re-written; but to what purpose? My praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firmly established fame; and with my most hearty admiration of your talents, and delight in your conversation, you are already acquainted. In availing myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this poem to you, I can only wish the offering were as worthy your acceptance, as your regard is dear to

"Yours, most affectionately and faithfully,

"Byron."

[1] After the words "Scott alone," Lord Byron had inserted, in a parenthesis — He will excuse the '*Mr.*' — we do not say *Mr.* Cæsar."

completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius; in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so — if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of "drawing from self," the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than "The Giaour," and perhaps — but no — I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever "alias" they please.[1]

[1] It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers;

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly, and affectionately,

His obedient servant,

BYRON.

January 2, 1814.

but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice, if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were stained. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair, who "knew himself a villain," than they looked for the hypocrisy of Kehama on the shores of the Derwent Water, or the profligacy of Marmion on the banks of the Tweed. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

The Corsair[226]

CANTO THE FIRST

"... nessun maggior delore,
Che recordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

— DANTE.

I.

"O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway —
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not — pleasure cannot please —
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense — the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint — can only feel —
Feel — to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death — if with us die our foes —
Save that it seems even duller than repose:
Come when it will — we snatch the life of life —
When lost — what recks it — by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours — the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang — one bound — escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave:
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory;
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*"

II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while:

Such were the sounds that thrilled the rocks along,
And unto ears as rugged seemed a song!
In scattered groups upon the golden sand,
They game — carouse — converse — or whet the
brand;
Select the arms — to each his blade assign,
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine;
Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
While others straggling muse along the shore;
For the wild bird the busy springes set,
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net;
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise;
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:
No matter where — their chief's allotment this;
Theirs, to believe no prey nor plan amiss.
But who that Chief? his name on every shore
Is famed and feared — they ask and know no more.
With these he mingles not but to command;
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success.
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still —
And for his fare — the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have passed untasted too;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply

With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.
But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.
"Steer to that shore!" — they sail. "Do this!"
'tis done:
"Now form and follow me!" — the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few enquire his will;
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

III.

"A sail! — a sail!" — a promised prize to Hope!
Her nation — flag — how speaks the telescope?
No prize, alas! — but yet a welcome sail:
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes — she is ours — a home returning bark —
Blow fair, thou breeze! — she anchors ere the dark.
Already doubled is the cape — our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying — never from her foes —
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire — the wreck —
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furled; and anchoring round she swings:
And gathering loiterers on the land discern
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
'Tis manned — the oars keep concert to the strand,
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
Hail to the welcome shout! — the friendly speech!
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the heart's promise of festivity!

V.

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd:
The hum of voices, and the laughter loud,
And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard —
Friends' — husbands' — lovers' names in each dear word:
"Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success —
But shall we see them? will their accents bless?
From where the battle roars — the billow chafe —
They doubtless boldly did — but who are safe?
Here let them haste to gladden and surprise,
And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!"

VI.

"Where is our chief? for him we bear report —
And doubt that joy — which hails our coming — short;
Yet thus sincere — 'tis cheering, though so brief;
But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief:
Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return,
And all shall hear what each may wish to learn."
Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way,
To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay
By bushy brake, and wild flowers blossoming,
And freshness breathing from each silver spring,
Whose scattered streams from granite basins burst,
Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;
From crag to cliff they mount — Near yonder cave,
What lonely straggler looks along the wave?
In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?
"'Tis he — 'tis Conrad — here — as wont — alone;
On — Juan! — on — and make our purpose known.
The bark he views — and tell him we would greet
His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:
We dare not yet approach — thou know'st his mood,
When strange or uninvited steps intrude."

VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent; —
He spake not — but a sign expressed assent.

These Juan calls — they come — to their salute
He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.
"These letters, Chief, are from the Greek — the spy,
Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:
Whate'er his tidings, we can well report,
Much that" — "Peace, peace!" — he cuts their prating short.
Wondering they turn, abashed, while each to each
Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:
They watch his glance with many a stealing look,
To gather how that eye the tidings took;
But, this as if he guessed, with head aside,
Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,
He read the scroll — "My tablets, Juan, hark —
Where is Gonsalvo?"
"In the anchored bark."
"There let him stay — to him this order bear —
Back to your duty — for my course prepare:
Myself this enterprise to-night will share."
"To-night, Lord Conrad?"
"Ay! at set of sun:
The breeze will freshen when the day is done.
My corslet — cloak — one hour — and we are gone.
Sling on thy bugle — see that free from rust
My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;
Be the edge sharpened of my boarding-brand,
And give its guard more room to fit my hand.
This let the Armourer with speed dispose;
Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes:

Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,
To tell us when the hour of stay's expired."

VIII.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
Too soon to seek again the watery waste:
Yet they repine not — so that Conrad guides;
And who dare question aught that he decides?
That man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh;
Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue;
Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?
What should it be, that thus their faith can bind?
The power of Thought — the magic of the Mind!
Linked with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will;
Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been — shall be — beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one!
'Tis Nature's doom — but let the wretch who toils,
Accuse not, hate not *him* who wears the spoils.
Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
How light the balance of his humbler pains!

IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire:
Robust but not Herculean — to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;[227]
They gaze and marvel how — and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general
mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen:
His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplexed the view,
As if within that murkiness of mind
Worked feelings fearful, and yet undefined;
Such might it be — that none could truly tell —
Too close enquiry his stern glance would quell.
There breathe but few whose aspect might defy
The full encounter of his searching eye:
He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,
At once the observer's purpose to espy,

And on himself roll back his scrutiny,
Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to-day.
There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled — and Mercy sighed farewell! [228]

X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within — within — 'twas there the spirit wrought!
Love shows all changes — Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the governed aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.
Then — with the hurried tread, the upward eye,
The clenched hand, the pause of agony,
That listens, starting, lest the step too near
Approach intrusive on that mood of fear:
Then — with each feature working from the heart,
With feelings loosed to strengthen — not depart:
That rise — convulse — contend — that freeze or glow,
Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow;
Then — Stranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
Behold his soul — the rest that soothes his lot!

Mark — how that lone and blighted bosom sears
The scathing thought of execrated years!
Behold — but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
Man as himself — the secret spirit free?

XI.

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent
To lead the guilty — guilt's worst instrument —
His soul was changed, before his deeds had driven
Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.
Warped by the world in Disappointment's school,
In words too wise, in conduct *there* a fool;
Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
Doomed by his very virtues for a dupe,
He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,
And not the traitors who betrayed him still;
Nor deemed that gifts bestowed on better men
Had left him joy, and means to give again.
Feared — shunned — belied — ere youth had lost her force,
He hated man too much to feel remorse,
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.
He knew himself a villain — but he deemed
The rest no better than the thing he seemed;
And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loathed him, crouched and dreaded too.

Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt:
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;
But they that feared him dared not to despise:
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake;
The first may turn — but not avenge the blow;
The last expires — but leaves no living foe;
Fast to the doomed offender's form it clings,
And he may crush — not conquer — still it stings!

XII.

None are all evil — quickening round his heart
One softer feeling would not yet depart;
Oft would he sneer at others as beguiled
By passions worthy of a fool or child;
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
And even in him it asks the name of Love!
Yes, it was love — unchangeable — unchanged,
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed them by;
Though many a beauty drooped in prisoned bower,
None ever soothed his most unguarded hour.
Yes — it was Love — if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthened by distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet — Oh more than all! — untired by time;
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen were she near to smile,

Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove —
If there be love in mortals — this was love!
He was a villain — ay — reproaches shower
On him — but not the passion, nor its power,
Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

XIII.

He paused a moment — till his hastening men
Passed the first winding downward to the glen.
"Strange tidings! — many a peril have I past,
Nor know I why this next appears the last!
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,
Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait
Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;
And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.
Ay — let them slumber — peaceful be their dreams!
Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams
As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)
To warm these slow avengers of the seas.
Now to Medora — Oh! my sinking heart,
Long may her own be lighter than thou art!

Yet was I brave — mean boast where all are brave!
Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.
This common courage which with brutes we share,
That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
Small merit claims but 'twas my nobler hope
To teach my few with numbers still to cope;
Long have I led them — not to vainly bleed;
No medium now — we perish or succeed!
So let it be — it irks not me to die;
But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.
My lot hath long had little of my care,
But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:
"Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?
Oh, Fate! — accuse thy folly, not thy fate —
She may redeem thee still — nor yet too late."

XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he, till
He reached the summit of his tower-crowned hill:
There at the portal paused — for wild and soft
He heard those accents never heard too oft;
Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,
And these the notes the bird of beauty sung:

1.

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

2.

"There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame, eternal — but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

3.

"Remember me — Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

4.

"My fondest — faintest — latest accents hear —
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;
Then give me all I ever asked — a tear,
The first — last — sole reward of so much love!"

He passed the portal — crossed the corridore,
And reached the chamber as the strain gave o'er:
"My own Medora! sure thy song is sad —"

"In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad?
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
My heart unhushed — although my lips were mute!
Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath winged the wind,

And deemed the breath that faintly fanned thy sail
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
Though soft, it seemed the low prophetic dirge,
That mourned thee floating on the savage surge:
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;
And many a restless hour outwatched each star,
And morning came — and still thou wert afar.
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
And still I gazed and gazed — and not a prow
Was granted to my tears — my truth — my vow!
At length — 'twas noon — I hailed and blest the mast
That met my sight — it neared — Alas! it past!
Another came — Oh God! 'twas thine at last!
Would that those days were over! wilt thou ne'er,
My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many a home
As bright as this invites us not to roam:
Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,
I only tremble when thou art not here;
Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
Which flies from love and languishes for strife —
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature and its better will!" [229]

"Yea, strange indeed — that heart hath long been changed;
Worm-like 'twas trampled — adder-like avenged,

Without one hope on earth beyond thy love,
And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
Yet the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
My very love to thee is hate to them,
So closely mingling here, that disentwined,
I cease to love thee when I love mankind:
Yet dread not this — the proof of all the past
Assures the future that my love will last;
But — Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart,
This hour again — but not for long — we part."

"This hour we part! — my heart foreboded this:
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour — it cannot be — this hour away!
Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay;
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew:
My love! thou mock'st my weakness; and wouldst steel
My breast before the time when it must feel;
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad! — dearest! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare;
Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best,
And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I guessed
At such as seemed the fairest; thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill;

Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:
Think not I mean to chide — for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp
Is trimmed, and heeds not the sirocco's damp:
Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
And join with me the dance, or wake the song;
Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
Shall soothe or lull — or, should it vex thine ear,
We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.[230]
Why — thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now;
Or even that traitor chief — I've seen thee smile,
When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle,
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while:
And thus half sportive, half in fear, I said,
Lest Time, should raise that doubt to more than dread,
Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main:
And he deceived me — for — he came again!"

"Again — again — and oft again — my love!
If there be life below, and hope above,
He will return — but now, the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing:
The why — the where — what boots it now to tell

"She clung to his embrace."

Photogravure from an original drawing by Frank T. Merrill.

Frank T. Merrill

Since all must end in that wild word — farewell!
Yet would I fain — did time allow — disclose —
Fear not — these are no formidable foes;
And here shall watch a more than wonted guard,
For sudden siege and long defence prepared:
Nor be thou lonely — though thy lord's away,
Our matrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;
And this thy comfort — that, when next we meet,
Security shall make repose more sweet.
List! — 'tis the bugle — Juan shrilly blew —
One kiss — one more — another — Oh! Adieu!"

She rose — she sprung — she clung to his embrace,
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
Which downcast drooped in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
So full — *that* feeling seemed almost unfelt!
Hark — peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
It told 'twas sunset — and he cursed that sun.
Again — again — that form he madly pressed,
Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed!
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed — as if to gaze no more;
Felt — that for him earth held but her alone,
Kissed her cold forehead — turned — is Conrad gone?

XV.

"And is he gone?" — on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude!
"'Twas but an instant past — and here he stood!
And now" — without the portal's porch she rushed,
And then at length her tears in freedom gushed;
Big — bright — and fast, unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send — "Farewell!"
For in that word — that fatal word — howe'er
We promise — hope — believe — there breathes despair.
O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had sorrow fixed what time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
Till — Oh, how far! — it caught a glimpse of him,
And then it flowed — and phrensied seemed to swim
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dewed
With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.
"He's gone!" — against her heart that hand is driven,
Convulsed and quick — then gently raised to heaven;
She looked and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set — she dared not look again;
But turned with sickening soul within the gate —
"It is no dream — and I am desolate!" 231

XVI.

From crag to crag descending — swiftly sped
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turned his head;
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way
Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,
That hailed him first when homeward from the deep:
And she — the dim and melancholy star,
Whose ray of beauty reached him from afar,
On her he must not gaze, he must not think,
There he might rest — but on Destruction's brink:
Yet once almost he stopped — and nearly gave
His fate to chance, his projects to the wave:
But no — it must not be — a worthy chief
May melt, but not betray to woman's grief.
He sees his bark, he notes how fair the wind,
And sternly gathers all his might of mind:
Again he hurries on — and as he hears
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar;
As marks his eye the seaboy on the mast,
The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
That mute adieu to those who stem the surge;
And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
He marvelled how his heart could seem so soft.
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possest;

He bounds — he flies — until his footsteps reach
The verge where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
There checks his speed; but pauses less to breathe
The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,
Than there his wonted statelier step renew;
Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view:
For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd,
By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud;
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight — and awes if seen:
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy;
All these he wielded to command assent:
But where he wished to win, so well unbent,
That kindness cancelled fear in those who heard,
And others' gifts showed mean beside his word,
When echoed to the heart as from his own
His deep yet tender melody of tone:
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
He cared not what he softened, but subdued;
The evil passions of his youth had made
Him value less who loved — than what obeyed.

XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.
Before him Juan stands — "Are all prepared?"
"They are — nay more — embarked: the latest boat
Waits but my chief —"

"My sword, and my capote."
Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung:
"Call Pedro here!" He comes — and Conrad bends,
With all the courtesy he deigned his friends;
"Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,
Words of high trust and truth are graven there;
Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark
Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:
In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
On our return — till then all peace be thine!"
This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.
Flashed the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke,
Around the waves' phosphoric [232] brightness broke;
They gain the vessel — on the deck he stands, —
Shrieks the shrill whistle — ply the busy hands —
He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
How gallant all her crew — and deigns to praise.
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn —
Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?
Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower,
And live a moment o'er the parting hour;
She — his Medora — did she mark the prow?
Ah! never loved he half so much as now!
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day —
Again he mans himself and turns away;
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,

And there unfolds his plan — his means — and ends;
Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
And all that speaks and aids the naval art;
They to the midnight watch protract debate;
To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?
Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;
Passed the high headlands of each clustering isle
To gain their port — long — long ere morning smile:
And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
Count they each sail — and mark how there supine
The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.
Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow passed by,
And anchored where his ambush meant to lie;
Screened from espial by the jutting cape,
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.
Then rose his band to duty — not from sleep —
Equipped for deeds alike on land or deep;
While leaned their leader o'er the fretting flood,
And calmly talked — and yet he talked of blood!

The Corsair

CANTO THE SECOND

"Conosceste i dubiosi desiri?"

— Dante.

I.

In Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night:
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
When he shall drag the fettered Rovers home;
This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,
And faithful to his firman and his word,
His summoned prows collect along the coast,
And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast,
Already shared the captives and the prize,
Though far the distant foe they thus despise;
'Tis but to sail — no doubt to-morrow's Sun
Will see the Pirates bound — their haven won!
Meantime the watch may slumber, if they will,
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek;

How well such deed becomes the turbaned brave —
To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!
Infest his dwelling — but forbear to slay,
Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
And do not deign to smite because they may!
Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
To keep in practice for the coming foe.
Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
And they who wish to wear a head must smile;
For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

II.

High in his hall reclines the turbaned Seyd;
Around — the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff —
Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,
Though to the rest the sober berry's juice [233]
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;
The long chibouque's [234] dissolving cloud supply,
While dance the Almas [235] to wild minstrelsy.
The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;
But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark:
And revellers may more securely sleep
On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep;
Feast there who can — nor combat till they must,
And less to conquest than to Korans trust;
And yet the numbers crowded in his host
Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate
Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,
Bows his bent head — his hand salutes the floor,
Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:
"A captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
Escaped, is here — himself would tell the rest." [236]
He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
And led the holy man in silence nigh.
His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,
His step was feeble, and his look deprest;
Yet worn he seemed of hardship more than years,
And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.
Vowed to his God — his sable locks he wore,
And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:
Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,
And wrapt a breast bestowed on heaven alone;
Submissive, yet with self-possession manned,
He calmly met the curious eyes that scanned;
And question of his coming fain would seek,
Before the Pacha's will allowed to speak.

IV.

"Whence com'st thou, Dervise?"
"From the outlaw's den,
A fugitive —"
"Thy capture where and when?"
"From Scalanovo's port to Scio's isle,
The Saick was bound; but Alla did not smile

Upon our course — the Moslem merchant's gains
The Rovers won: our limbs have worn their chains.
I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;
At length a fisher's humble boat by night
Afforded hope, and offered chance of flight;
I seized the hour, and find my safety here —
With thee — most mighty Pacha! who can fear?"

"How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,
Their plundered wealth, and robber's rock, to guard?
Dream they of this our preparation, doomed
To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?"

"Pacha! the fettered captive's mourning eye,
That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;
I only heard the reckless waters roar,
Those waves that would not bear me from the shore;
I only marked the glorious sun and sky,
Too bright — too blue — for my captivity;
And felt — that all which Freedom's bosom cheers,
Must break my chain before it dried my tears.
This may'st thou judge, at least, from my escape,
They little deem of aught in peril's shape;
Else vainly had I prayed or sought the chance
That leads me here — if eyed with vigilance:
The careless guard that did not see me fly,
May watch as idly when thy power is nigh:

Pacha! — my limbs are faint — and nature craves
Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves:
Permit my absence — peace be with thee! Peace
With all around! — now grant repose — release."

"Stay, Dervise! I have more to question — stay,
I do command thee — sit — dost hear? — obey!
More I must ask, and food the slaves shall bring;
Thou shalt not pine where all are banqueting:
The supper done — prepare thee to reply,
Clearly and full — I love not mystery."
'Twere vain to guess what shook the pious man,
Who looked not lovingly on that Divan;
Nor showed high relish for the banquet prest,
And less respect for every fellow guest.
'Twas but a moment's peevish hectic past
Along his cheek, and tranquillised as fast:
He sate him down in silence, and his look
Resumed the calmness which before forsook:
The feast was ushered in — but sumptuous fare
He shunned as if some poison mingled there.
For one so long condemned to toil and fast,
Methinks he strangely spares the rich repast.
"What ails thee, Dervise? eat — dost thou suppose
This feast a Christian's? or my friends thy foes?
Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes even contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!"

"Salt seasons dainties — and my food is still
The humblest root, my drink the simplest rill;
And my stern vow and order's [237] laws oppose
To break or mingle bread with friends or foes;
It may seem strange — if there be aught to dread,
That peril rests upon my single head;
But for thy sway — nay more — thy Sultan's
throne,
I taste nor bread nor banquet — save alone;
Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's rage
To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."
"Well — as thou wilt — ascetic as thou art —
One question answer; then in peace depart.
How many? — Ha! it cannot sure be day?
What star — what sun is bursting on the bay?
It shines a lake of fire! — away — away!
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!
The galleys feed the flames — and I afar!
Accursed Dervise! — these thy tidings — thou
Some villain spy — seize — cleave him — slay him
now!"

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appalled the sight:
Up rose that Dervise — not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
Dashed his high cap, and tore his robe away —
Shone his mailed breast, and flashed his sabre's ray!
His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,

Glared on the Moslem's eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell —
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell —
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves
Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,
They seize that Dervise! — seize on Zatanai![238]
He saw their terror — checked the first despair
That urged him but to stand and perish there,
Since far too early and too well obeyed,
The flame was kindled ere the signal made;
He saw their terror — from his baldric drew
His bugle — brief the blast — but shrilly blew;
'Tis answered — "Well ye speed, my gallant crew!
Why did I doubt their quickness of career?
And deem design had left me single here?"
Sweeps his long arm — that sabre's whirling sway
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay;
Completes his fury, what their fear begun,
And makes the many basely quail to one.
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:
Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelmed, with rage, surprise,
Retreats before him, though he still defies.
No craven he — and yet he dreads the blow,

So much Confusion magnifies his foe!
His blazing galleys still distract his sight,
He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight;[239]
For now the pirates passed the Haram gate,
And burst within — and it were death to wait;
Where wild Amazement shrieking — kneeling — throws
The sword aside — in vain — the blood o'erflows!
The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within,
Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
Of groaning victims and wild cries for life,
Proclaimed how well he did the work of strife.
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
A glutted tiger mangling in his lair!
But short their greeting — shorter his reply —
"'Tis well — but Seyd escapes — and he must die —
Much hath been done — but more remains to do —
Their galleys blaze — why not their city too?"

V.

Quick at the word — they seized him each a torch,
And fire the dome from minaret to porch.
A stern delight was fixed in Conrad's eye,
But sudden sunk — for on his ear the cry
Of women struck, and like a deadly knell
Knocked at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.
"Oh! burst the Haram — wrong not on your lives
One female form — remember — *we* have wives.
On them such outrage Vengeance will repay;
Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay:

But still we spared — must spare the weaker prey.
Oh! I forgot — but Heaven will not forgive
If at my word the helpless cease to live:
Follow who will — I go — we yet have time
Our souls to lighten of at least a crime."
He climbs the crackling stair — he bursts the door,
Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;
His breath choked gasping with the volumed smoke,
But still from room to room his way he broke.
They search — they find — they save: with lusty arms
Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;
Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking frames
With all the care defenceless beauty claims:
So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,
And check the very hands with gore imbrued.
But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey
From reeking pile and combat's wreck — away —
Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
The Haram queen — but still the slave of Seyd!

VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,[240]
Few words to reassure the trembling fair;
For in that pause compassion snatched from war,
The foe before retiring, fast and far,
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
First slowlier fled — then rallied — then withstood.
This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,

Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew,
And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes
The ruin wrought by panic and surprise.
Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry —
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbs that flowed too well —
When wrath returns to renovated strife,
And those who fought for conquest strike for life.
Conrad beheld the danger — he beheld
His followers faint by freshening foes repelled:
"One effort — one — to break the circling host!"
They form — unite — charge — waver — all is lost!
Within a narrower ring compressed, beset,
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet —
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,
Hemmed in — cut off — cleft down — and trampled o'er;
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome,
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,
Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,
Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,
By Conrad's mandate safely were bestowed,
And dried those tears for life and fame that flowed:

And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
Recalled those thoughts late wandering in despair,
Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy
That smoothed his accents; softened in his eye:
'Twas strange — *that* robber thus with gore bedewed,
Seemed gentler then than Seyd in fondest mood.
The Pacha wooed as if he deemed the slave
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave;
The Corsair vowed protection, soothed affright,
As if his homage were a woman's right.
"The wish is wrong — nay, worse for female — vain:
Yet much I long to view that chief again;
If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,
The life — my loving lord remembered not!"

VIII.

And him she saw, where thickest carnage spread,
But gathered breathing from the happier dead;
Far from his band, and battling with a host
That deem right dearly won the field he lost,
Felled — bleeding — baffled of the death he sought,
And snatched to expiate all the ills he wrought;
Preserved to linger and to live in vain,
While Vengeance pondered o'er new plans of pain,
And stanched the blood she saves to shed again —
But drop for drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
Would doom him ever dying — ne'er to die!
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,
When his red hand's wild gesture waved, a law!

'Tis he indeed — disarmed but undeprest,
His sole regret the life he still possest;
His wounds too slight, though taken with that will,
Which would have kissed the hand that then could kill.
Oh were there none, of all the many given,
To send his soul — he scarcely asked to heaven?
Must he alone of all retain his breath,
Who more than all had striven and struck for death?
He deeply felt — what mortal hearts must feel,
When thus reversed on faithless fortune's wheel,
For crimes committed, and the victor's threat
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt —
He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride
That led to perpetrate — now serves to hide.
Still in his stern and self-collected mien
A conquerer's more than captive's air is seen,
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,
But few that saw — so calmly gazed around:
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,
The better warriors who beheld him near,
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;
And the grim guards that to his durance led,
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

The Leech was sent — but not in mercy — there,
To note how much the life yet left could bear;

He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
And promise feeling for the wrench of pain:
To-morrow — yea — to-morrow's evening sun
Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun,
And rising with the wonted blush of morn
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.
Of torments this the longest and the worst,
Which adds all other agony to thirst,
That day by day death still forbears to slake,
While famished vultures flit around the stake.
"Oh! water — water!" — smiling Hate denies
The victim's prayer — for if he drinks — he dies.
This was his doom; — the Leech, the guard, were gone,
And left proud Conrad fettered and alone.

X.

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings grew —
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,
When all its elements convulsed — combined —
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse;
That juggling fiend — who never spake before —
But cries "I warned thee!" when the deed is o'er.
Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,
May writhe — rebel — the weak alone repent!
Even in that lonely hour when most it feels,
And, to itself, all — all that self reveals,
No single passion, and no ruling thought

That leaves the rest as once unseen, unsought;
But the wild prospect when the soul reviews —
All rushing through their thousand avenues.
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,
Endangered glory, like itself beset;
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in our fate;
The hopeless past, the hasting future driven
Too quickly on to guess if hell or heaven;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remembered not
So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;
Things light or lovely in their acted time,
But now to stern reflection each a crime;
The withering sense of evil unrevealed,
Not cankering less because the more concealed —
All, in a word, from which all eyes must start,
That opening sepulchre — the naked heart
Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul — and break.
Ay — Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,
All — all — before — beyond — the deadliest fall.
Each has some fear, and he who least betrays,
The only hypocrite deserving praise:
Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies;
But he who looks on death — and silent dies.
So steeled by pondering o'er his far career,
He half-way meets him should he menace near!

XI.

In the high chamber of his highest tower
Sate Conrad, fettered in the Pacha's power.
His palace perished in the flame — this fort
Contained at once his captive and his court.
Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
His foe, if vanquished, had but shared the same: —
Alone he sate — in solitude had scanned
His guilty bosom, but that breast he manned:
One thought alone he could not — dared not meet —
"Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?"
Then — only then — his clanking hands he raised,
And strained with rage the chain on which he gazed:
But soon he found — or feigned — or dreamed relief,
And smiled in self-derision of his grief,
"And now come torture when it will — or may,
More need of rest to nerve me for the day!"
This said, with languor to his mat he crept,
And, whatsoe'er his visions, quickly slept.
'Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun,
For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done;
And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,
She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.
One hour beheld him since the tide he stemmed —
Disguised — discovered — conquering — ta'en — condemned —
A chief on land — an outlaw on the deep —
Destroying — saving — prisoned — and asleep!

XII.

He slept in calmest seeming — for his breath
Was hushed so deep — Ah! happy if in death!
He slept — Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
His foes are gone — and here he hath no friends;
Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!
Its white arm raised a lamp — yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed — but once may close again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemmed and braided hair;
With shape of fairy lightness — naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute —
Through guards and dunnest night how came it there?
Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare?
Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare!
She could not sleep — and while the Pacha's rest
In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,
She left his side — his signet-ring she bore,
Which oft in sport adorned her hand before —
And with it, scarcely questioned, won her way
Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey.
Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,
Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;
And chill and nodding at the turret door,
They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no more:

Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep,
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
And mine in restlessness are wandering here —
What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?
True — 'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
And me and mine he spared from worse than woe:
'Tis late to think — but soft — his slumber breaks —
How heavily he sighs! — he starts — awakes!"

He raised his head — and dazzled with the light
His eye seemed dubious if it saw aright:
He moved his hand — the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.
"What is that form? if not a shape of air,
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wond'rous fair!"

"Pirate! thou know'st me not — but I am one,
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
Look on me — and remember her, thy hand
Snatched from the flames, and thy more fearful band.
I come through darkness — and I scarce know why —
Yet not to hurt — I would not see thee die."

"If so, kind lady! thine the only eye
That would not here in that gay hope delight:
Theirs is the chance — and let them use their right.
But still I thank their courtesy or thine,
That would confess me at so fair a shrine!"
Strange though it seem — yet with extremest grief
Is linked a mirth — it doth not bring relief —
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness — but still it smiles;
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till even the scaffold [241] echoes with their jest!
Yet not the joy to which it seems akin —
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.
Whate'er it was that flashed on Conrad, now
A laughing wildness half unbent his brow:
And these his accents had a sound of mirth,
As if the last he could enjoy on earth;
Yet 'gainst his nature — for through that short life,
Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife.

XIV.

"Corsair! thy doom is named — but I have power
To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.
Thee would I spare — nay more — would save thee now,
But this — time — hope — nor even thy strength allow;
But all I can, I will: at least delay
The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.

More now were ruin — even thyself were loth
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both."

"Yes! — loth indeed: — my soul is nerved to all,
Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:
Tempt not thyself with peril; me with hope
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope:
Unfit to vanquish — shall I meanly fly,
The one of all my band that would not die?
Yet there is one — to whom my memory clings,
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.
My sole resources in the path I trod
Were these — my bark — my sword — my love —
my God!
The last I left in youth — he leaves me now —
And Man but works his will to lay me low.
I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
Wrung from the coward crouching of despair;
It is enough — I breathe — and I can bear.
My sword is shaken from the worthless hand
That might have better kept so true a brand;
My bark is sunk or captive — but my love —
For her in sooth my voice would mount above:
Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind —
And this will break a heart so more than kind,
And blight a form — till thine appeared, Gulnare!
Mine eye ne'er asked if others were as fair."

"Thou lov'st another then? — but what to me
Is this — 'tis nothing — nothing e'er can be:

But yet — thou lov'st — and — Oh! I envy those
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,
Who never feel the void — the wandering thought,
That sighs o'er visions — such as mine hath
wrought."

"Lady — methought thy love was his, for whom
This arm redeemed thee from a fiery tomb."
"My love stern Seyd's! Oh — No — No — not my
love —
Yet much this heart, that strives no more, once
strove
To meet his passion — but it would not be.
I felt — I feel — love dwells with — with the free.
I am a slave, a favoured slave at best,
To share his splendour, and seem very blest!
Oft must my soul the question undergo,
Of — 'Dost thou love?' and burn to answer, 'No!'
Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,
And struggle not to feel averse in vain;
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,
And hide from one — perhaps another there.
He takes the hand I give not — nor withhold —
Its pulse nor checked — nor quickened — calmly
cold:
And when resigned, it drops a lifeless weight
From one I never loved enough to hate.
No warmth these lips return by his imprest,
And chilled remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
Yes — had I ever proved that passion's zeal,

The change to hatred were at least to feel:
But still — he goes unmourned — returns unsought —
And oft when present — absent from my thought.
Or when reflection comes — and come it must —
I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring disgust;
I am his slave — but, in despite of pride,
'Twere worse than bondage to become his bride.
Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!
Or seek another and give mine release,
But yesterday — I could have said, to peace!
Yes — if unwonted fondness now I feign,
Remember — captive! 'tis to break thy chain;
Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;
To give thee back to all endeared below,
Who share such love as I can never know.
Farewell — morn breaks — and I must now away:
'Twill cost me dear — but dread no death to-day!"

XV.

She pressed his fettered fingers to her heart,
And bowed her head, and turned her to depart,
And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
And was she here? and is he now alone?
What gem hath dropped and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once — bright — pure — from Pity's mine,
Already polished by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing — dangerously dear —
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue — at once her spear and shield:
Avoid it — Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,
By this — how many lose not earth — but heaven!
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,
And seal their own to spare some wanton's woe.

XVI.

'Tis morn — and o'er his altered features play
The beams — without the hope of yesterday.
What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing:
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,
While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,
Chill — wet — and misty round each stiffened limb,
Refreshing earth — reviving all but him!

The Corsair

CANTO THE THIRD

"Come vedi — ancor non m'abbandona."
— DANTE.

I.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,[242]
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,

Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.
On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When — Athens! here thy Wisest looked his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered sage's [243] latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill —
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seemed to pour,
The land, where Phœbus never frowned before;
But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaffed — the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorned to fear or fly —
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.[244]
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide
Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,[245]
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,

All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye —
And dull were his that passed them heedless by.
Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown — where gentler ocean seems to smile.[246]

II.

Not now my theme — why turn my thoughts to thee?
Oh! who can look along thy native sea,
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
So much its magic must o'er all prevail?
Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,
Fair Athens! could thine evening face forget?
Not he — whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
Spell-bound within the clustering Cyclades!
Nor seems this homage foreign to his strain,
His Corsair's isle was once thine own domain —
Would that with feeedom it were thine again!

III.

The Sun hath sunk — and, darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height
Medora's heart — the third day's come and gone —
With it he comes not — sends not — faithless one!

The wind was fair though light; and storms
were none.
Last eve Anselmo's bark returned, and yet
His only tidings that they had not met!
Though wild, as now, far different were the tale
Had Conrad waited for that single sail.
The night-breeze freshens — she that day had
passed
In watching all that Hope proclaimed a mast;
Sadly she sate — on high — Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wandered, heedless of the spray
That dashed her garments oft, and warn'd away:
She saw not — felt not this — nor dared depart,
Nor deemed it cold — her chill was at her heart;
Till grew such certainty from that suspense —
His very Sight had shocked from life or sense!

It came at last — a sad and shattered boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they
sought;
Some bleeding — all most wretched — these the
few —
Scarce knew they how escaped — *this* all they
knew.
In silence, darkling, each appeared to wait
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate:
Something they would have said; but seemed to
fear
To trust their accents to Medora's ear.

She saw at once, yet sunk not — trembled not —
Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,
Within that meek fair form, were feelings high,
That deemed not till they found their energy.
While yet was Hope — they softened — fluttered
— wept —
All lost — that softness died not — but it slept;
And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which said,
"With nothing left to love — there's nought to
dread."
'Tis more than nature's; like the burning might
Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

"Silent you stand — nor would I hear you tell
What — speak not — breathe not — for I know it
well —
Yet would I ask — almost my lip denies
The — quick your answer — tell me where he lies."

"Lady! we know not — scarce with life we fled;
But here is one denies that he is dead:
He saw him bound; and bleeding — but alive."

She heard no further — 'twas in vain to strive —
So throbbed each vein — each thought — till then
withstood;
Her own dark soul — these words at once subdued:
She totters — falls — and senseless had the wave
Perchance but snatched her from another grave;
But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies:

Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,
Raise — fan — sustain — till life returns anew;
Awake her handmaids, with the matrons leave
That fainting form o'er which they gaze and grieve;
Then seek Anselmo's cavern, to report
The tale too tedious — when the triumph short.

IV.

In that wild council words waxed warm and strange
With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge;
All, save repose or flight: still lingering there
Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair;
Whate'er his fate — the breasts he formed and led
Will save him living, or appease him dead.
Woe to his foes! there yet survive a few,
Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

V.

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate [247]
Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's fate;
His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell;
Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
Surveys his brow — would soothe his gloom of mind:
While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
His only bends in seeming o'er his beads, [248]
But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

"Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest
Sits Triumph — Conrad taken — fall'n the rest!
His doom is fixed — he dies: and well his fate
Was earned — yet much too worthless for thy hate:
Methinks, a short release, for ransom told
With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;
Report speaks largely of his pirate-hoard —
Would that of this my Pacha were the lord!
While baffled, weakened by this fatal fray —
Watched — followed — he were then an easier prey;
But once cut off — the remnant of his band
Embark their wealth, and seek a safer strand."

"Gulnare! — if for each drop of blood a gem
Were offered rich as Stamboul's diadem;
If for each hair of his a massy mine
Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;
If all our Arab tales divulge or dream
Of wealth were here — that gold should not redeem!
It had not now redeemed a single hour;
But that I know him fettered, in my power;
And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill."

"Nay, Seyd! — I seek not to restrain thy rage,
Too justly moved for mercy to assuage;
My thoughts were only to secure for thee
His riches — thus released, he were not free:

Disabled, shorn of half his might and band,
His capture could but wait thy first command."

"His capture *could!* — and shall I then resign
One day to him — the wretch already mine?
Release my foe! — at whose remonstrance?
— thine!
Fair suitor! — to thy virtuous gratitude,
That thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood,
Which thee and thine alone of all could spare,
No doubt — regardless if the prize were fair,
My thanks and praise alike are due — now hear!
I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.
Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai —
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
Thou need'st not answer — thy confession speaks,
Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks;
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:
'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care!
Another word and — nay — I need no more.
Accursed was the moment when he bore
Thee from the flames, which better far — but
no —
I then had mourned thee with a lover's woe —
Now 'tis thy lord that warns — deceitful thing!
Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?
In words alone I am not wont to chafe:
Look to thyself — nor deem thy falsehood safe!"

He rose — and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu:
Ah! little recked that chief of womanhood —
Which frowns ne'er quelled, nor menaces subdued;
And little deemed he what thy heart, Gulnare!
When soft could feel, and when incensed could dare.
His doubts appeared to wrong — nor yet she knew
How deep the root from whence compassion grew —
She was a slave — from such may captives claim
A fellow feeling, differing but in name;
Still half unconscious — heedless of his wrath,
Again she ventrued on the dangerous path,
Again his rage repelled — until arose
That strife of thought, the source of woman's woes!

VI.

Meanwhile — long anxious — weary — still — the same
Rolled day and night — his soul could never tame —
This fearful interval of doubt and dread,
When every hour might doom him worse than dead,
When every step that echoed by the gate
Might entering lead where axe and stake await;
When every voice that grated on his ear
Might be the last that he could ever hear;
Could terror tame — that spirit stern and high
Had proved unwilling as unfit to die;
'Twas worn — perhaps decayed — yet silent bore
That conflict, deadlier far than all before:

The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to quail;
But bound and fixed in fettered solitude,
To pine, the prey of every changing mood;
To gaze on thine own heart; and meditate
Irrevocable faults, and coming fate —
Too late the last to shun — the first to mend —
To count the hours that struggle to thine end,
With not a friend to animate, and tell
To other ears that death became thee well:
Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,
And blot life's latest scene with calumny;
Before thee tortures, which the soul can dare,
Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh may bear;
But deeply feels a single cry would shame,
To valour's praise thy last and dearest claim;
The life thou leav'st below, denied above
By kind monopolists of heavenly love;
And more than doubtful paradise — thy heaven
Of earthly hope — thy loved one from thee riven.
Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustain,
And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain:
And those sustained he — boots it well or ill?
Since not to sink beneath, is something still!

VII.

The first day passed — he saw not her — Gulnare —
The second — third — and still she came not there;
But what her words avouched, her charms had done,

Or else he had not seen another sun.
The fourth day rolled along, and with the night
Came storm and darkness in their mingling might:
Oh! how he listened to the rushing deep,
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep:
And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
Roused by the roar of his own element!
Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,
And loved its roughness for the speed it gave;
And now its dashing echoed on his ear,
A long known voice — alas! too vainly near!
Loud sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;
And flashed the lightning by the latticed bar,
To him more genial than the midnight star:
Close to the glimmering grate he dragged his chain,
And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain.
He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and prayed
One pitying flash to mar the form it made:[249]
His steel and impious prayer attract alike —
The storm rolled onward, and disdained to strike;
Its peal waxed fainter — ceased — he felt alone,
As if some faithless friend had spurned his groan!

VIII.

The midnight passed — and to the massy door
A light step came — it paused — it moved once more;
Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:
'Tis as his heart foreboded — that fair she!

Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,
And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;
Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame:
On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,
Which spoke before her accents — "Thou must die!
Yes, thou must die — there is but one resource,
The last — the worst — if torture were not worse."

"Lady! I look to none — my lips proclaim
What last proclaimed they — Conrad still the same:
Why shouldst thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
And change the sentence I deserve to bear?
Well have I earned — nor here alone — the meed
Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed."

"Why should I seek? because — Oh! didst thou
not
Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?
Why should I seek? — hath misery made thee
blind
To the fond workings of a woman's mind!
And must I say? albeit my heart rebel
With all that woman feels, but should not tell —
Because — despite thy crimes — that heart is
moved:
It feared thee — thanked thee — pitied — mad-
dened — loved.
Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,
Thou lov'st another — and I love in vain;

Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,
I rush through peril which she would not dare.
If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,
Were I thine own — thou wert not lonely here:
An outlaw's spouse — and leave her lord to roam!
What hath such gentle dame to do with home?
But speak not now — o'er thine and o'er my head
Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;
If thou hast courage still, and wouldst be free,
Receive this poniard — rise — and follow me!"

"Ay — in my chains! my steps will gently tread,
With these adornments, o'er each slumbering head!
Thou hast forgot — is this a garb for flight?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight?"

"Misdoubting Corsair! I have gained the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain:
Without some aid how here could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime — 'tis none to punish those of Seyd.
That hated tyrant, Conrad — he must bleed!
I see thee shudder — but my soul is changed —
Wronged, spurned, reviled — and it shall be
avenged —
Accused of what till now my heart disdained —
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chained.
Yes, smile! — but he had little cause to sneer,

I was not treacherous then — nor thou too dear.
But he has said it — and the jealous well,
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
I never loved — he bought me — somewhat high —
Since with me came a heart he could not buy.
I was a slave unmurmuring: he hath said,
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
'Twas false thou know'st — but let such augurs rue,
Their words are omens Insult renders true.
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;
This fleeting grace was only to prepare
New torments for thy life, and my despair.
Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:
When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
There yawns the sack — and yonder rolls the sea!
What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
To wear but till the gilding frets away?
I saw thee — loved thee — owe thee all — would save,
If but to show how grateful is a slave.
But had he not thus menaced fame and life,
(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife,)
I still had saved thee — but the Pacha spared.
Now I am all thine own — for all prepared:
Thou lov'st me not — nor know'st — or but the worst.
Alas! this love — that hatred are the first —

Oh! couldst thou prove my truth, thou would'st not start,
Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart;
'Tis now the beacon of thy safety — now
It points within the port a Mainote prow:
But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
There sleeps — he must not wake — the oppressor Seyd!"

"Gulnare — Gulnare — I never felt till now
My abject fortune, withered fame so low:
Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
Such is my weapon — not the secret knife —
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
Thine saved I gladly, Lady, not for this —
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.
Now fare thee well — more peace be with thy breast!
Night wears apace — my last of earthly rest!"

"Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
I heard the order — saw — I will not see —
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
My life — my love — my hatred — all below
Are on this cast — Corsair! 'tis but a blow!
Without it flight were idle — how evade
His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,

My youth disgraced — the long, long wasted years,
One blow shall cancel with our future fears;
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
The guards are gained — one moment all were o'er —
Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud."

IX.

She turned, and vanished ere he could reply,
But his glance followed far with eager eye;
And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,
Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
He, fast as fettered limbs allow, pursued.
'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where
That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were there:
He sees a dusky glimmering — shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
Chance guides his steps — a freshness seems to bear
Full on his brow, as if from morning air —
He reached an open gallery — on his eye
Gleamed the last star of night, the clearing sky:
Yet scarcely heeded these — another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.
Towards it he moved; a scarcely closing door
Revealed the ray within, but nothing more.

With hasty step a figure outward past,
Then paused — and turned — and paused — 'tis
She at last!
No poniard in that hand — nor sign of ill —
"Thanks to that softening heart — she could not
kill!"
Again he looked, the wildness of her eye
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.
She stopped — threw back her dark far-floating
hair,
That nearly veiled her face and bosom fair:
As if she late had bent her leaning head
Above some object of her doubt or dread.
They meet — upon her brow — unknown — for-
got —
Her hurrying hand had left — 'twas but a spot —
Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood —
Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime — 'tis blood!

X.

He had seen battle — he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown;
He had been tempted — chastened — and the chain
Yet on his arms might ever there remain:
But ne'er from strife — captivity — remorse —
From all his feelings in their inmost force —
So thrilled — so shuddered every creeping vein,
As now they froze before that purple stain.
That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek!

Blood he had viewed — could view unmoved — but then
It flowed in combat, or was shed by men!

XI.

"'Tis done — he nearly waked — but it is done.
Corsair! he perished — thou art dearly won.
All words would now be vain — away — away!
Our bark is tossing — 'tis already day.
The few gained over, now are wholly mine,
And these thy yet surviving band shall join:
Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,
When once our sail forsakes this hated strand."

XII.

She clapped her hands — and through the gallery pour,
Equipped for flight, her vassals — Greek and Moor;
Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;
Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!
But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,
As if they there transferred that iron weight.
No words are uttered — at her sign, a door
Reveals the secret passage to the shore;
The city lies behind — they speed, they reach
The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;
And Conrad following, at her beck, obeyed,
Nor cared he now if rescued or betrayed;
Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.

Embarked, the sail unfurled, the light breeze
blew —
How much had Conrad's memory to review!
Sunk he in Contemplation, till the cape
Where last he anchored rear'd its giant shape.
Ah! — since that fatal night, though brief the
time,
Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.
As its far shadow frowned above the mast,
He veiled his face, and sorrowed as he passed;
He thought of all — Gonsalvo and his band,
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;
He thought on her afar, his lonely bride:
He turned and saw — Gulnare, the homicide!

XIV.

She watched his features till she could not bear
Their freezing aspect and averted air,
And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,
Fell quenched in tears, too late to shed or dry.
She knelt beside him and his hand she pressed,
"Thou may'st forgive though Allah's self detest;
But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?
Reproach me — but not yet — Oh! spare me *now!*
I am not what I seem — this fearful night
My brain bewildered — do not madden quite!
If I had never loved — though less my guilt,
Thou hadst not lived to — hate me — if thou wilt."

XV.

She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself upbraid
Than her, though undesigned, the wretch he made;
But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexprest,
They bleed within that silent cell — his breast.
Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;
Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,
A spot — a mast — a sail — an armed deck!
Their little bark her men of watch descry,
And ampler canvas woos the wind from high;
She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;
A flash is seen — the ball beyond her bow
Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.
Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,
A long, long absent gladness in his glance;
"'Tis mine — my blood-red flag! again — again —
I am not all deserted on the main!"
They own the signal, answer to the hail,
Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.
"'Tis Conrad! Conrad!" shouting from the deck,
Command nor duty could their transport check!
With light alacrity and gaze of pride,
They view him mount once more his vessel's side;
A smile relaxing in each rugged face,
Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.

Conrad and Medora.

Photo-etching from an old engraving.

The Corsair.

He, half forgetting danger and defeat,
Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,
Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,
And feels he yet can conquer and command!

XVI.

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,
Yet grieve to win him back without a blow;
They sailed prepared for vengeance — had they known
A woman's hand secured that deed her own,
She were their queen — less scrupulous are they
Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.
With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,
They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;
And her, at once above — beneath her sex,
Whom blood appalled not, their regards perplex.
To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,
She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;
Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,
Which — Conrad safe — to fate resigned the rest.
Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill,
Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,
The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

XVII.

This Conrad marked, and felt — ah! could he less? — 250
Hate of that deed — but grief for her distress;

What she has done no tears can wash away,
And Heaven must punish on its angry day:
But — it was done: he knew, whate'er her guilt,
For him that poniard smote, that blood was spilt;
And he was free! — and she for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!
And now he turned him to that darked-eyed slave
Whose brow was bowed beneath the glance he gave,
Who now seemed changed and humble: — faint and meek,
But varying oft the colour of her cheek
To deeper shades of paleness — all its red
That fearful spot which stained it from the dead!
He took that hand — it trembled — now too late —
So soft in love — so wildly nerved in hate;
He clasped that hand — it trembled — and his own
Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.
"Gulnare!" — but she replied not — "dear Gulnare!"
She raised her eye — her only answer there —
At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:
If he had driven her from that resting-place,
His had been more or less than mortal heart,
But — good or ill — it bade her not depart.
Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,
His latest virtue then had joined the rest.
Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss
That asked from form so fair no more than this,
The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith —
To lips where Love had lavished all his breath,

To lips — whose broken sighs such fragrance fling
As he had fanned them freshly with his wing!

XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.
To them the very rocks appear to smile;
The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray;
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,
Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams.
Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam?

XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
He looks in vain — 'tis strange — and all remark,
Amid so many, hers alone is dark.
'Tis strange — of yore its welcome never failed,
Nor now, perchance, extinguished, only veiled.
With the first boat descends he for the shore,
And looks impatient on the lingering oar.
Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
To bear him like an arrow to that height!
With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
He waits not — looks not — leaps into the wave,

Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high
Ascends the path familiar to his eye.

He reached his turret door — he paused — no sound
Broke from within; and all was night around.
He knocked, and loudly — footstep nor reply
Announced that any heard or deemed him nigh;
He knocked — but faintly — for his trembling hand
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
The portal opens — 'tis a well known face —
But not the form he panted to embrace.
Its lips are silent — twice his own essayed,
And failed to frame the question they delayed;
He snatched the lamp — its light will answer all —
It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.
He would not wait for that reviving ray —
As soon could he have lingered there for day;
But, glimmering through the dusky corridore,
Another chequers o'er the shadowed floor;
His steps the chamber gain — his eyes behold
All that his heart believed not — yet foretold!

XX.

He turned not — spoke not — sunk not — fixed his look,
And set the anxious frame that lately shook:
He gazed — how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!
In life itself she was so still and fair,

That death with gentler aspect withered there;
And the cold flowers [251] her colder hand contained
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veiled — thought shrinks from all that lurked
below —
Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips —
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wished repose — but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long — fair — but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
These — and the pale pure cheek, became the bier —
But she is nothing — wherefore is he here?

XXI.

He asked no question —all were answered now
By the first glance on that still — marble brow.
It was enough — she died — what recked it how?
The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was reft at once — and he deserved his fate,
But did not feel it less; — the good explore,

For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar:
The proud — the wayward — who have fixed below
Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,
Lose in that one their all — perchance a mite —
But who in patience parts with all delight?
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn,
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.
On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,
And stupor almost lulled it into rest;
So feeble now — his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confessed without relieving pain.
None saw his trickling tears — perchance, if seen,
That useless flood of grief had never been:
Nor long they flowed — he dried them to depart,
In helpless — hopeless — brokenness of heart:
The sun goes forth — but Conrad's day is dim;
And the night cometh — ne'er to pass from him.

There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye — the blindest of the blind!
Which may not — dare not see — but turns aside
To blackest shade — nor will endure a guide!

XXIII.

His heart was formed for softness — warped to wrong;[252]
Betrayed too early, and beguiled too long;
Each feeling pure — as falls the dropping dew
Within the grot; like that had hardened too;
Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials passed,
But sunk, and chilled, and petrified at last.
Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock,
If such his heart, so shattered it the shock.
There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
Though dark the shade — it sheltered — saved till now.
The thunder came — that bolt hath blasted both,
The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:
The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
Its tale, but shrunk and withered where it fell;
And of its cold protector, blacken round
But shivered fragments on the barren ground!

XXIV.

'Tis morn — to venture on his lonely hour
Few dare; though now Anselmo sought his tower.
He was not there — nor seen along the shore;
Ere night, alarmed, their isle is traversed o'er:

Another morn — another bids them seek,
And shout his name till echo waxeth weak;
Mount — grotto — cavern — valley searched in vain,
They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain:
Their hope revives — they follow o'er the main.
'Tis idle all — moons roll on moons away,
And Conrad comes not — came not since that day:
Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare
Where lives his grief, or perished his despair!
Long mourned his band whom none could mourn beside;
And fair the monument they gave his bride:
For him they raise not the recording stone —
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;
He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.[253]

Notes

Notes

1. These lines are copied from a leaf of the original MS. of the second canto of "Childe Harold."

2. On the departure, in July, 1810, of his friend and fellow traveller, Mr. Hobhouse, for England, Lord Byron fixed his headquarters at Athens, where he had taken lodgings in a Franciscan convent; making occasional excursions through Attica and the Morea, and employing himself, in the interval of his tours, in collecting materials for those notices on the state of modern Greece which are appended to the second canto of "Childe Harold." In this retreat also he wrote "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and "Remarks on the Romaic, or Modern Greek Language." He thus writes to his mother: "At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind, instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us to send our young men abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us. Here I see, and have conversed with, French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, etc.; and, without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. When I see the superiority of England (which, by the bye, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased; and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have stayed, smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country, a century, without being sure of

this, and without acquiring anything more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal; nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done with authorship; and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor will I hazard that reputation by a future effort. It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory, when I myself shall cease to remember. I have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens, etc., for me. This will be better than scribbling — a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet, recluse life; but God knows, and does best for us all."

3. The song Δεύτε παῖδες, etc., was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionise Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original. [While at the Capuchin convent, Lord Byron devoted some hours daily to the study of the Romaic; and various proofs of his diligence will be found in the Appendix.]

4. Constantinople. "Ετταλοφος."

5. Riga was a Thessalian, and passed the first part of his youth among his native mountains, in teaching ancient Greek to his countrymen. On the first burst of the French Revolution, he joined himself to some other enthusiasts, and with them perambulated Greece, rousing the bold and encouraging the timid by his minstrelsy. He afterward went to Vienna to solicit aid for a rising, which he and his comrades had for years been endeavouring to accomplish; but he was given up by the Austrian government to the Turks, who vainly endeavoured by torture to force from him the names of the other conspirators.

6. The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our "χόροι," in the winter of 1810–11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

7. National songs and popular works of amusement throw no small light on the manners of a people; they are materials which most travellers have within their reach, but which they almost always disdain to collect. Lord Byron has shown a better taste; and it is to be hoped that his example will, in future, be generally followed. — *George Ellis.*

8. At Orchomenus, where stood the Temple of the Graces, I was tempted to exclaim, "Whither have the Graces fled?" Little did I expect to find them here; yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee, and another with a book. The book is a register of names, some of which are far sounded by the voice of fame. Among them is Lord Byron's, connected with some lines which I here send you. — *H. W. Williams.*

9. This poetaster died in 1810, and his works have followed him.

10. The farce in question was called "M. P.; or, the Blue Stocking," and came out at the Lyceum Theatre, on the 9th of September.

11. *I. e.* Mr. Francis Hodgson (not then the Reverend).

12. These lines will show with what gloomy fidelity, even while under the pressure of recent sorrow, the poet reverted to the disappointment of his early affection, as the chief source of all his sufferings and errors, present and to come. — *Moore.*

13. The anticipations of his own future career in these concluding lines are of a nature, it must be owned, to awaken more of horror than of interest, were we not prepared, by so many instances of his exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at any lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling would carry him. It seemed as if, with the power of painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had also the ambition to be, himself, the dark "sublime he drew," and that, in his fondness for the delineation of heroic crime, he endeavoured to fancy, where he could not find in his own character, fit subjects for his pencil. — *Moore.*

14. Two days after, in another letter to Mr. Hodgson, the poet says: "I am growing *nervous* (how you will laugh!) — but it is true, — really, wretchedly, ridiculously, fine-ladically *nervous.* Your climate kills me; I can neither read, write,

nor amuse myself, or any one else. My days are listless, and my nights restless: I have seldom any society, and, when I have, I run out of it. I don't know that I sha'n't end with insanity; for I find a want of method in arranging my thoughts that perplexes me strangely."

15. Mr. Moore considers "Thyrza" as if she were a mere creature of the poet's brain. "It was," he says, "about the time when he was thus bitterly feeling, and expressing, the blight which his heart had suffered from a *real* object of affection, that his poems on the death of an *imaginary* one were written; — nor is it any wonder, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which these beautiful effusions flowed from his fancy, that, of all his strains of pathos, they should be the most touching and most pure. They were, indeed, the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs; — a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their passage through his fancy, and forming thus one deep reservoir of mournful feeling." It is a pity to disturb a sentiment thus beautifully expressed; but Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Dallas, bearing the exact date of these lines, viz. Oct. 11, 1811, writes as follows: "I have been again shocked with a death, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but 'I have almost forgot the taste of grief,' and 'supped full of horrors,' till I have become callous; nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed my head to the earth." In his reply to this letter, Mr. Dallas says: "I thank you for your *confidential* communication. How truly do I wish that that being had lived, and lived yours! What your obligations to her would have been in that case is inconceivable." Several years after the series of poems on "Thyrza" were written, Lord Byron, on being asked to whom they referred, by a person in whose tenderness he never ceased to confide, refused to answer, with marks of painful agitation, such as rendered any further recurrence to the subject impossible. The reader must be left to form his own conclusion. The five following pieces are all devoted to Thyrza.

16. I wrote this a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days. — *B. Letters*, Dec. 8, 1811.

17. We know not whether the reader should understand the cornelian heart of these lines to be the same with that of which some notices are given in another volume.

18. This impromptu owed its birth to an *on dit*, that the late Princess Charlotte of Wales burst into tears on hearing that the Whigs had found it impossible to put together a Cabinet, at the period of Mr. Perceval's death. They were appended to the first edition of the "Corsair," and excited a *sensation*, as it is called, marvellously disproportionate to their length, — or, we may add, their merit. The ministerial prints raved for two months on end, in the most foul-mouthed vituperation of the poet, and all that belonged to him — the *Morning Post* even announced a motion in the House of Lords — "and all this," Lord Byron writes to Mr. Moore, "as Bedreddin in the 'Arabian Nights' remarks, for making a cream tart with pepper: how odd, that eight lines should have given birth, I really think, to eight thousand!"

19. When Rogers does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house — his drawing-room — his library — you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. — *B. Diary*, 1813.

20. The reader will recall Collins's exquisite lines on the tomb of Thomson, "In yonder grave a Druid lies," etc.

21. The theatre in Drury Lane, which was opened in 1747, with Doctor Johnson's masterly address, beginning, —

> "When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
> First reared the Stage, immortal Shakespeare rose,"

and witnessed the last glories of Garrick, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt in 1794. The new building perished by fire in 1811; and the managers, in their anxiety that the opening of the present edifice should be distinguished by some composition of at least equal merit, advertised in the newspapers for a general competition. Scores of addresses, not one tolerable, showered on their desk, and they were in sad despair,

when Lord Holland interfered, and not without difficulty prevailed on Lord Byron to write these verses — "at the risk," as he said, "of offending a hundred scribblers and a discerning public." The admirable *jeu d'esprit* of the Messrs. Smith will long preserve the memory of the "Rejected Addresses."

22. By the bye, the best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent Garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection of the Thames. — *B. to Lord H.*

23. Originally, "Ere Garrick *died*," etc. — "By the bye, one of my corrections in the copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom —

"'When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.'

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first. Second thoughts in everything are best; but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as fast as I can, but never sufficiently; and, latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other." — *B. to Lord H.*

24. The following lines were omitted by the Committee:

"Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores
That late she deigned to crawl upon all-fours.
When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
If you command, the steed must come in course.
If you decree, the stage must condescend
To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.
Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,
And gratify you more by showing less.
The past reproach let present scenes refute,
Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute."

"Is Whitbread," said Lord Byron, "determined to castrate all my *cavalry* lines? I do implore, for my *own* gratification, one lash on those accursed quadrupeds, — 'a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.'"

25. Soon after the "Rejected Addresses" scene in 1812, I met Sheridan. In the course of dinner, he said, "Lord Byron, did you know that amongst the writers of addresses was Whitbread himself?" I answered by an inquiry of what sort of an address he had made. "Of that," replied Sheridan, "I remember little, except that there was a *phœnix* in it."—"A phœnix! Well, how did he describe it?"—"Like a *poulterer*," answered Sheridan; "it was green, and yellow, and red, and blue: he did not let us off for a single feather."—*B. Letters*, 1821.

26. The reader who wishes to understand the full force of this scandalous insinuation is referred to Muretus's notes on a celebrated poem of Catullus, entitled "In Cæsarem;" but consisting, in fact, of savagely scornful abuse of the favourite "Mamurra:"

> "Quis hoc potest videre? quis potest pati,
> Nisi impudicus et vorax et helluo?
> Mamurram habere quod comata Gallia
> Habebat unctum, et ultima Britannia?" etc.

27. These verses are said to have dropped from the poet's pen, to excuse a transient expression of melancholy which overclouded the general gaiety. It was impossible to observe his interesting countenance, expressive of a dejection belonging neither to his rank, his age, nor his success, without feeling an indefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit or constitutional temperament. It was obviously of a degree incalculably more serious than that alluded to by Prince Arthur—

> . . . "I remember when I was in France,
> Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
> Only for wantonness."

But, howsoever derived, this, joined to Lord Byron's air of mingling in amusements and sports as if he contemned them, and felt that his sphere was far above the frivolous crowd which surrounded him, gave a strong effect of colouring to a character whose tints were otherwise romantic.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

28. Redde some Italian, and wrote two sonnets. I never wrote but one sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as an exercise — and I will never write another. They are the most puling, petrifying, stupidly platonic compositions. — *Diary*, 1813.

29. In an English newspaper, which finds its way abroad wherever there are Englishmen, I read an account of this dirty dauber's caricature of Mr. H—— as a "beast," and the consequent action, etc. The circumstance is, probably, too well known to require further comment. [The gentleman here alluded to was Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastasius," and one of the most munificent patrons of art this country ever possessed. Having, somehow, offended an unprincipled French painter, by name Dubost, that adventurer amused himself by a picture called "Beauty and the Beast," in which Mr. Hope and his lady were represented according to the well-known fairy story. The picture had too much malice not to succeed; and, to the disgrace of John Bull, the exhibition of it is said to have fetched thirty pounds in a day. A brother of Mrs. Hope thrust his sword through the canvas; and M. Dubost had the consolation to get five pounds damages. The affair made much noise at the time; though Mr. Hope had not then placed himself on that seat of literary eminence which he afterward attained. Probably, indeed, no man's reputation in the world was ever so suddenly and completely altered, as his was by the appearance of his magnificent romance.]

30. "Mac Flecknoe," the "Dunciad," and all Swift's lampooning ballads. Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings, and angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their poignancy detracts from the personal character of the writers.

31. Like Doctor Johnson, Lord Byron maintained the excellence of rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. "Blank verse," he says, in his long lost letter to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, "unless in the drama, no one except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme. I am aware that Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not 'prevail upon himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer.' The

opinions of that truly great man, whom, like Pope, it is the present fashion to decry, will ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore to him from all; but, with all humility, I am not persuaded that the 'Paradise Lost' would not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity, not perhaps in heroic couplets, — although even they could sustain the subject, if well balanced, — but in the stanza of Spenser, or of Tasso, or in the terza rima of Dante, which the powers of Milton could easily have grafted on our language. The 'Seasons' of Thomson would have been better in rhyme, although still inferior to his 'Castle of Indolence;' and Mr. Southey's 'Joan of Arc' no worse."

32. With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *puns*, they have Aristotle on their side; who permits them to orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition.

33. See the "Rehearsal."

"*Johnson.* Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?

"*Bayes.* Why, Sir, a great hero, that frights his mistress, snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to numbers, good sense, or justice."

"The Rehearsal," by George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham (1627–88), appeared in 1671. Sprat and others are said to have shared the authorship. So popular was the play that "Drawcansir" passed into a synonym for a braggadocio. It is believed that "Bayes" (that is, of course, "laureate") was meant for a caricature of Dryden; "he himself complains bitterly that it was so."

34. About two years ago a young man, named Townsend, was announced by Mr. Cumberland[1] (in a review since de-

[1] On the original MS. we find: "This note was written" [at Athens] "before the author was apprised of Mr. Cumberland's death." The old littérateur died in May, 1811, and had the honour to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and to be eulogised, while the company stood round the grave, in the following manly style by the then dean, Doctor Vincent, his schoolfellow, and through life his friend. — "Good people! the person you now see deposited is Richard Cumberland, an author of no small merit: his writings were chiefly for the stage, but of strict moral tendency: they were not without faults, but they were not gross, abounding with oaths and libidinous expressions, as, I am shocked to observe, is the case of many of the present day. He wrote as much as any one: few wrote better; and his works will be

ceased) as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled "Armageddon." The plan and specimen promise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr. Townsend, nor his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude. If Mr. Townsend succeeds in his undertaking, as there is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr. Cumberland for bringing him before the public! But, till that eventful day arrives, it may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (sublime as the ideas confessedly are) has not — by raising expectation too high, or diminishing curiosity, by developing his argument — rather incurred the hazard of injuring Mr. Townsend's future prospects.

35. Harvey, the *circulator* of the *circulation* of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration, and say, "the book had a devil." Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book; not from dislike to the poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public school penance of "Long and Short" is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and, perhaps, so far may be an advantage.

36. "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem." I dare say Mr. Tavell (to whom I mean no affront) will understand me; and it is no matter whether any one else does or no. — To the above events, "quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui," all *times* and *terms* bear testimony.

37. The Rev. G. F. Tavell was a fellow and tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, during Lord Byron's residence, and owed this notice to the zeal with which he had protested against some juvenile vagaries, sufficiently explained in Mr. Moore's Notices.

held in the highest estimation, as long as the English language will be understood. He considered the theatre a school for moral improvement, and his remains are truly worthy of mingling with the illustrious dead which surround us. Read his prose subjects on divinity! There you will find the true Christian spirit of the man who trusted in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. May God forgive him his sins; and, at the resurrection of the just, receive him into everlasting glory!"

38. "Hell," a gaming-house so called, where you risk little, and are cheated a good deal. "Club," a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.

39. Irene had to speak two lines with the bowstring round her neck; but the audience cried out "Murder!" and she was obliged to go off the stage alive. — *Boswell's Johnson.* These two lines were afterward struck out, and Irene was carried off, to be put to death behind the scenes. "This shows," says Mr. Malone, "how ready modern audiences are to condemn, in a new play, what they have frequently endured very quietly in an old one. Rowe has made Moneses, in 'Tamerlane,' die by the bowstring without offence." Davies assures us, in his Life of Garrick, that the strangling Irene, contrary to Horace's rule, *coram populo*, was suggested by Garrick. See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. i. p. 172.

40. In the postscript to the "Castle Spectre," Mr. Lewis tells us that though blacks were unknown in England at the period of his action, yet he has made the anachronism to set off the scene: and if he could have produced the effect "by making his heroine blue," — I quote him, — "blue he would have made her!"

41. In 1706, Dennis, the critic, wrote an "Essay on the Operas after the Italian manner, which are about to be established on the English Stage;" in which he endeavours to show that it is a diversion of more pernicious consequence than the most licentious play that ever appeared upon the stage.

42. Here follows in the original MS.:

> "Who did what Vestris — yet, at least — cannot,
> And cut his kingly capers sans culotte."

43. Benvolio does not bet; but every man who maintains race-horses is a promoter of all the concomitant evils of the turf. Avoiding to bet is a little pharisaical. Is it an exculpation? I think not. I never yet heard a bawd praised for chastity because *she herself* did not commit fornication.

44. For Benvolio we have, in the original MS., "Earl Grosvenor;" and for the next couplet:

> "Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives place,
> Save gambling — for his lordship loves a race."

But we cannot trace the exact propriety of the allusions. Lord Grosvenor, now Marquis of Westminster, no doubt distinguished himself by some attack on the Sunday newspapers, or the like, at the same time that he was known to keep a stud at Newmarket — but why a long note on a subject certainly insignificant, and perhaps mistaken ?

45. In dedicating the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" to his fellow traveller, Lord Byron describes him as "one to whom he was indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship ; one whom he had long known, and accompanied far, whom he had found wakeful over his sickness and kind in his sorrow, glad in his prosperity and firm in his adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril :" while Mr. Hobhouse, in describing a short tour to Negroponte, in which his noble friend was unable to accompany him, regrets the absence of a companion, "who, to quickness of observation and ingenuity of remark, united that gay good humour which keeps alive the attention under the pressure of fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger."

46. Under Plato's pillow a volume of the *Mimes* of Sophron was found the day he died. *Vide* Barthélémi, De Pauw, or Diogenes Laërtius, if agreeable. De Pauw calls it a jest-book. Cumberland, in his *Observer*, terms it moral, like the sayings of Publius Syrus.

47. The following is a brief sketch of the origin of the Playhouse Bill : In 1735, Sir John Barnard brought in a bill "to restrain the number of houses for playing of interludes, and for the better regulating of common players." The minister, Sir Robert Walpole, conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity of checking the abuse of theatrical representation, proposed to insert a clause to ratify and confirm, if not enlarge, the power of the lord chamberlain in licensing plays ; and, at the same time, insinuated that unless this addition was made the king would not pass it. But Sir John Barnard strongly objected to this clause ; contending that the power of that officer was already too great, and had been often wantonly exercised. He therefore withdrew his bill, rather than establish by law a power in a single officer so much under the direction of the Crown. In the course, however, of the session of

1737, an opportunity offered, which Sir Robert did not fail to seize. The manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre having brought to him a farce called "The Golden Rump," which had been proffered for exhibition, the minister paid the profits which might have accrued from the performance, and detained the copy. He then made extracts of the most exceptionable passages, abounding in profaneness, sedition, and blasphemy, read them to the House, and obtained leave to bring in a bill to limit the number of playhouses; to subject all dramatic writings to the inspection of the lord chamberlain; and to compel the proprietors to take out a license for every production before it could appear on the stage.

48. His speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts. Though the Playhouse Bill is generally said to have been warmly opposed in both Houses, this speech of the Earl of Chesterfield is the only trace of that opposition to be found in the periodical publications of the times. The following passage, which relates to the powers of the lord chamberlain, will show the style of the oration: "The bill is not only an encroachment upon liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment on property. Wit, my lords, is a sort of property: it is the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. Thank God! my lords, we have a dependence of another kind; we have a much less precarious support, and, therefore, cannot feel the inconveniencies of the bill now before us; but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosesoever's property it may be. Those gentlemen who have any such property are all, I hope, our friends; do not let us subject them to any unnecessary or arbitrary restraint. I must own, I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon wit; but by this bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised; for, if this bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the lord chamberlain is to have the honour of being the chief gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge, and jury. But, what is still more hard, though the poor author — the proprietor, I should say — cannot, perhaps, dine till he has found out and agreed with a purchaser, yet, before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at this new

excise-office; where they may be detained for fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be for ever shut against him, without the least shadow of reason, either from the laws of his country or the laws of the stage. These hardships, this hazard, which every gentleman will be exposed to who writes anything for the stage, must certainly prevent every man of a generous and free spirit from attempting anything in that way; and as the stage has always been the proper channel for wit and humour, therefore, my lords, when I speak against this bill, I must think I plead the cause of wit, I plead the cause of humour, I plead the cause of the British stage, and of every gentleman of taste in the kingdom. The stage and the press, my lords, are two of our out-sentries: if we remove them, if we hoodwink them, if we throw them in fetters, the enemy may surprise us. Therefore, I must look upon the bill now before us as a step for introducing arbitrary power into this kingdom."

49. "*Repeal that act!*" After a lapse of nearly a century, the state of the laws affecting dramatic literature, and the performance of the drama, has again become the subject of parliamentary inquiry and report.

50. Of this "skill," Reynolds, in his "Life and Times," records a remarkable instance. The doctor had, it seems, an "*eye* like Mars, to threaten and command." *Threaten*, in every sense of the word; for his numerous patients stood as much in awe of this formidable weapon as of bars, chains, or strait-waistcoats. After a few weeks' attendance on the king, he allowed his Majesty a razor to shave himself, and a penknife to cut his nails. For this he was one evening charged by the other physicians, before a committee of the House of Commons, with rashness and imprudence. Mr. Burke was very severe on this point, and authoritatively demanded to know, "if the royal patient had become outrageous at the moment, what power the doctor possessed of instantaneously terrifying him into obedience?" "Place the candles between us, Mr. Burke," replied the doctor, in an equally authoritative tone, "and I'll give you an answer. There, sir! by the *eye*. I should have looked at him *thus*, sir, — *thus!*" Mr. Burke

instantaneously averted his head; and, making no reply, evidently acknowledged this *basilisk* authority. This story was often related by the doctor himself.

51. Doctor Johnson was of the like opinion. Of the "Beggar's Opera," he says, in his "Life of Gay:" "The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is, therefore, not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse, or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety, because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage." On another occasion, the common question with regard to this opera having been introduced, he said: "As to this matter, which has been very much contested, I myself am of opinion that more influence has been ascribed to it than in reality it ever had; for I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at that representation." — See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 242.

52. Jerry Collier's controversy with Congreve, etc., on the subject of the drama, is too well known to require further comment.

53. "*If it rise again.*" When Lord Byron penned this couplet at Athens, he little imagined that he should so soon be called on to write an address to be spoken on the opening of New Drury, and become one of the committee for managing its concerns.

54. Mr. Simeon is the very bully of beliefs, and castigator of "good works." He is ably supported by John Stickles, a labourer in the same vineyard: but I say no more, for according to Johnny in full congregation, "*No hopes for them as laughs.*" [The Rev. Charles Simeon, fellow of King's College, Cambridge, — a zealous Calvinist, who, in consequence of his zeal, has been engaged in sundry warm disputations with other divines of the university. Besides many single sermons, he has published "Helps to Composition, or 500 Skeleton Sermons," in five volumes; and "Horæ Homileticæ, or Discourses (in the form of skeletons) upon the whole Scripture," in eleven volumes.]

55. "Baxter's Shove to heavy-a—d Christians," — the veritable title of a book once in good repute, and likely enough to be so again. [Richard Baxter is described by Granger as "a man famous for weakness of body and strength of mind; for having the strongest sense of religion himself, and exciting a sense of it in the thoughtless and profligate; for preaching more sermons, engaging in more controversies, and writing more books, than any other non-conformist of his age." Doctor Barrow says that "his practical writings were never mended, his controversial seldom confuted." On Boswell's asking Johnson which of them he should read, the doctor replied, "Any of them; they are all good."]

56. "They support Pope, I see, in the *Quarterly*," wrote Lord Byron in 1820, from Ravenna; "it is a sin, and a shame, and a *damnation*, that Pope (!) should require it; but he does. Those miserable mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace themselves, and deny God, in running down Pope, the most faultless of poets."

57. As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better paid, and may, like him, be one day a senator, having a better qualification than one-half of the heads he crops, viz., independence.

58. I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows: "E una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un padre desideri, o permetta, che suo figliuolo coltivi e perfezioni questo talento." A little further on: "Si trovano di rado nel Parnaso le miniere d' oro e d' argento." — *Educazione dei Fanciulli del Signor Locke.* ["If the child have a poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the world, that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved." — "It is very seldom seen, that any one discovers mines of gold or silver on Parnassus."]

59. "Iro pauperior;" this is the same beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a pound of kid's fry, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth besides. — See *Odyssey*, b. 18.

60. The Irish gold mine of Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad guinea.

61. This couplet is amusingly characteristic of that mixture of fun and bitterness with which their author sometimes spoke

in conversation ; so much so, that those who knew him might almost fancy they hear him utter the words. — *Moore.*

62. As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations, — "*And Homer (damn him!) calls,*" — it may be presumed that anybody or anything may be damned in verse by poetical license ; and, in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

63. For the story of Billy Havard's tragedy, see "Davies's Life of Garrick." I believe it is "Regulus," or "Charles the First." The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.

64. Here, in the original MS., we find the following couplet and note :

"Though what 'gods, men, and columns' interdict,
The Devil and Jeffrey pardon — in a Pict." [1]

[1] "The Devil and Jeffrey are here placed antithetically to gods and men, such being their usual position, and their due one — according to the facetious saying, 'If God won't take you, the Devil must;' and I am sure no one durst object to his taking the poetry which, rejected by Horace, is accepted by Jeffrey. That these gentlemen are in some cases kinder — the one to countrymen, and the other from his odd propensity to prefer evil to good — than the 'gods, men, and columns' of Horace, may be seen by a reference to the review of Campbell's 'Gertrude of Wyoming;' and in No. 31 of the *Edinburgh Review* (given to me the other day by the captain of an English frigate off Salamis), there is a similar concession to the mediocrity of Jamie Graham's 'British Georgics.' It is fortunate for Campbell that his fame neither depends on his last poem, nor the puff of the *Edinburgh Review*. The catalogues of our English are also less fastidious than the pillars of the Roman librarians. — A word more with the author of 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' At the end of a poem, and even of a couplet, we have generally 'that unmeaning thing we call a thought;' so Mr. Campbell concludes with a thought in such a manner as to fulfil the whole of Pope's prescription, and be as 'unmeaning' as the best of his brethren :

"'Because I may not *stain* with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.'

When I was in the fifth form, I carried to my master the translation of a chorus in Prometheus, wherein was a pestilent expression about 'staining a voice,' which met with no quarter. Little did I think that Mr. Campbell would have adopted my fifth form 'sublime' — at

65. To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the fervour of that charity which, in 1809, induced them to express a hope that a thing then published by me might lead to certain consequences, which, although natural enough, surely came but rashly from reverend lips. I refer them to their own pages, where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Having survived two years and a half those "Elegies" which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them "so joyful a trouble," except, indeed, "upon compulsion, Hal;" but if, as David says in the "Rivals," it should come to "bloody sword and gun fighting," we "won't run, will we, Sir Lucius?" I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic gentlemen: my works are their lawful perquisite, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them; but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant. "The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong;" and now, as these Christians have "smote me on one cheek," I hold them up the other; and, in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have smiled, and left them to the "recording angel;" but

least in so conspicuous a situation. 'Sorrow' has been 'dry' (in proverbs), and 'wet' (in sonnets), this many a day; and now it '*stains*,' and stains a sound, of all feasible things! To be sure, death-songs might have been stained with that same grief to very good purpose, if Outalissi had clapped down his stanzas on wholesome paper for the *Edinburgh Evening Post*, or any other given hyperborean gazette; or if the said Outalissi had been troubled with the slightest second sight of his own notes embodied on the last proof of an overcharged quarto; but as he is supposed to have been an improvisatore on this occasion, and probably to the last tune he ever chanted in this world, it would have done him no discredit to have made his exit with a mouthful of common sense. Talking of '*staining*' (as Caleb Quotem says) 'puts me in mind' of a certain couplet, which Mr. Campbell will find in a writer for whom he, and his school, have no small contempt:

"'E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art — the art to *blot!*'"

from the Pharisees of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren that, publican and sinner as I am, I would not have treated "mine enemy's dog thus." To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Simeon or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested me to fall, I hope they may escape with being "winged" only, and that Heaviside may be at hand to extract the ball. — [The following is the charitable passage in the *Eclectic Review* of which Lord Byron speaks: "If the noble lord and the learned advocate have the courage requisite to sustain their mutual insults, we shall probably soon hear the explosions of another kind of *paper*-war, after the fashion of the ever memorable duel which the latter is said to have fought, or seemed to fight, with 'Little Moore.' We confess there is sufficient provocation, if not in the critique, at least in the satire, to urge a 'man of honour' to defy his assailant to mortal combat. Of this we shall no doubt hear more in due time."]

66. Lord Byron's taste for boxing brought him acquainted, at an early period, with this distinguished, and, it is not too much to say, *respected*, professor of the art; for whom, throughout life, he continued to entertain a sincere regard. In a note to the eleventh canto of "Don Juan," he calls him "his old friend, and corporeal pastor and master."

67. Mr. Southey has lately tied another canister to his tail in the "Curse of Kehama," maugre the neglect of Madoc, etc., and has in one instance had a wonderful effect. A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of "one in jeopardy:" he rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on butter-milk in an adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one eel-spear, and a landing-net, and at last (*horresco referens*) pulled out — his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its "alacrity of sinking" was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry premises, Cornhill. Be

this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of "Felo de bibliopolâ" against a "quarto unknown;" and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the "Curse of Kehama" (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in Grub Street. — Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Cœur de Lion, Exodus, Exodia, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bellman of St. Sepulchre's. The same advocates, pro and con, will be employed as are now engaged in Sir F. Burdett's celebrated cause in the Scotch courts. The public anxiously await the result, and all *live* publishers will be subpœnaed as witnesses. — But Mr. Southey has published the "Curse of Kehama," — an inviting title to quibblers. By the bye, it is a good deal beneath Scott and Campbell, and not much above Southey, to allow the booby Ballantyne to entitle them, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (of which, by the bye, Southey is editor), "the grand poetical triumvirate of the day." But, on second thoughts, it can be no great degree of praise to be the one-eyed leaders of the blind, though they might as well keep to themselves "Scott's thirty thousand copies sold," which must sadly discomfit poor Southey's unsaleables. Poor Southey, it should seem, is the "Lepidus" of this poetical triumvirate. I am only surprised to see him in such good company.

> "Such things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil *he* came there."

The trio are well defined in the sixth proposition of Euclid: "Because, in the triangles D B C, A C B, D B is equal to A C, and B C common to both; the two sides D B, B C, are equal to the two A C, C B, each to each, and the angle D B C is equal to the angle A C B: therefore, the base D C is equal to the base A B, and the triangle D B C (Mr. Southey) is equal to the triangle A C B, the *less* to the *greater*, which is *absurd*," etc. — The editor of the *Edinburgh Register* will find the rest of the theorem hard by his stabling; he has only

to cross the river; 'tis the first turnpike t'other side "Pons Asinorum."[1]

68. Voltaire's "Pucelle" is not quite so immaculate as Mr. Southey's "Joan of Arc," and yet I am afraid the Frenchman has both more truth and poetry too on his side — (they rarely go together) — than our patriotic minstrel, whose first essay was in praise of a fanatical French strumpet, whose title of witch would be correct with the change of the first letter.

69. Like Sir Bland Burgess's "Richard;" the tenth book of which I read at Malta, on a trunk of Eyres, 19 Cockspur Street. If this be doubted, I shall buy a portmanteau to quote from.

70. The Red Hand of Ulster, introduced generally in a canton, marks the shield of a baronet of the United Kingdom.

71. "*Pollio.*" — In the original MS. "*Rogers.*"

72. Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum
Gurgite cum medio portans Œagrius Hebrus,
Volveret Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua;
Ah, miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat;
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.

— *Georgic.* iv. 523.

73. I beg Nathaniel's pardon: he is not a cobbler; *it* is a *tailor*, but begged Capel Lofft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta— psha! — of cantos, which he wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers. — Merry's "Moorfields whine" was nothing to all this. The "Della Cruscans" were people of some education, and no profession; but these Arcadians ("Arcades ambo" — bumpkins both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and smallclothes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up Elegies on Enclosures and Pæans to Gunpowder. Sitting on a shopboard,

[1] This Latin has sorely puzzled the University of Edinburgh. Ballantyne said it meant the "Bridge of Berwick," but Southey claimed it as half English; Scott swore it was the "Brig o' Stirling;" he had just passed two King James's and a dozen Douglasses over it. At last it was decided by Jeffrey, that it meant nothing more nor less than the "counter of Archy Constable's shop."

they describe fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger; and an "Essay on War" is produced by the ninth part of a "poet."

"And own that *nine* such poets made a Tate."

Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope? and if he did, why not take it as his motto?

74. This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessary to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of "Remains" utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoe-making Sappho, may do well; but the "tragedies" are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an earl or a Seatonian prize poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done; for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of "Remains" come under the statute against "resurrection men." What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? Is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? Is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath, than his soul in an octavo? "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be;" and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of éclat, is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and made, like poor Joe Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child; now, might not some of this "Sutor ultra Crepidam's" friends and seducers have done a decent action without inveigling Pratt into biography? And then his inscription split into so many modicums!—"To the Duchess of Somuch, the Right Hon. So-and-So, and Mrs. and

Miss Somebody, these volumes are, etc., etc.,"—why, this is doling out the "soft milk of dedication" in gills,—there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, Pratt, hadst thou not a puff left? Dost thou think six families of distinction can share this in quiet? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the devil.

75. In the original MS.:

"Some rhyming peer—Carlisle or Carysfort."

To which is subjoined this note: "Of 'John Joshua, Earl of Carysfort,' I know nothing at present, but from an advertisement in an old newspaper of certain Poems and Tragedies by his lordship, which I saw by accident in the Morea. Being a rhymer himself, he will forgive the liberty I take with his name, seeing, as he must, how very commodious it is at the close of that couplet; and as for what follows and goes before, let him place it to the account of the other Thane; since I cannot, under these circumstances, augur pro or con the contents of his 'foolscap crown octavos.'" John Joshua Proby, first Earl of Carysfort, was joint postmaster-general in 1805, envoy to Berlin in 1806, and ambassador to Petersburgh in 1807. Besides his poems, he published two pamphlets, to show the necessity of universal suffrage and short parliaments. He died in 1828.

76. Here will Mr. Gifford allow me to introduce once more to his notice the sole survivor, the "ultimus Romanorum," the last of the Cruscanti! "Edwin" the "profound," by our Lady of Punishment! here he is, as lively as in the days of "well said Baviad the Correct." I thought Fitzgerald had been the tail of poesy; but, alas! he is only the penultimate.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"What reams of paper, floods of ink,"
Do some men spoil, who never think!
And so perhaps you'll say of me,
In which your readers may agree.

Still I write on, and tell you why;
Nothing's so bad, you can't deny,
But may instruct or entertain
Without the risk of giving pain, etc.

ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMISTS.

In tracing of the human mind
Through all its various courses,
Though strange, 'tis true, we often find
It knows not its resources:

And men through life assume a part
For which no talents they possess,
Yet wonder that, with all their art,
They meet no better with success, etc.

77. "*Bastard of your brains.*" Minerva being the first by Jupiter's headpiece, and a variety of equally unaccountable parturitions upon earth, such as Madoc, etc.

78. "A crust for the critics." — *Bayes, in the "Rehearsal."*

79. And the "waiters" are the only fortunate people who can "fly" from them; all the rest, viz., the sad subscribers to the "Literary Fund," being compelled, by courtesy, to sit out the recitation without a hope of exclaiming, "Sic" (that is, by choking Fitz with bad wine, or worse poetry) "me servavit Apollo!"

80. "Fitzscribble," originally "Fitzgerald."

81. On his table were found these words: "*What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong.*" But Addison did not "approve;" and if he had, it would not have mended the matter. He had invited his daughter on the same water-party; but Miss Budgell, by some accident, escaped this last paternal attention. Thus fell the sycophant of "Atticus," and the enemy of Pope! Eustace Budgell, a friend and relative of Addison's, "leapt into the Thames" to escape a prosecution, on account of forging the will of Doctor Tindal; in which Eustace had provided himself with a legacy of two thousand pounds. To this Pope alludes:

"Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please — except my will."

82. "We talked (says Boswell) of a man's drowning himself. *Johnson.* — 'I should never think it time to make away with myself.' I put the case of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself in the Thames, before the trial of its authenticity came on. 'Suppose, sir,' said I, 'that a man is absolutely sure that, if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace, and expulsion from society.' *Johnson.* — 'Then, sir, let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known.'" — See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. ii. pp. 229, 290.

83. If "dosed with," etc., be censured as low, I beg leave to refer to the original for something still lower; and if any reader will translate "Minxerit in patrios cineres," etc., into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

84. The splendid lines with which this satire opens, down to "As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane," first appeared at the commencement of the third canto of the "Corsair," the author having, at that time, abandoned all notion of publishing the piece of which they originally made part.

85. Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

86. The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

87. The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephisus's stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

88. On the plaster wall, on the west side of the chapel, these words have been very deeply cut:

QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI,
HOC FECERUNT SCOTI.

The mortar wall, yet fresh when we saw it, supplying the place of the statue now in Lord Elgin's collection, serves as a

comment on this text. This eulogy of the Goths alludes to an unfounded story of a Greek historian, who relates that Alaric, either terrified by two phantoms, one of Minerva herself, the other of Achilles, terrible as when he strode toward the wall of Troy to his friends, or struck with a reverential respect, had spared the treasures, ornaments, and people of the venerable city. — *Hobhouse.*

89. In the original MS. :

> "Ah, Athens ! scarce escaped from Turk and Goth,
> Hell sends a paltry Scotchman worse than both."

90. This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympus, by some supposed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian ; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and architecture.

91. His lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon ; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso-relievos, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

92. "Irish bastards," according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

93. In 1816, thirty-five thousand pounds were voted by Parliament for the purchase of the Elgin marbles.

94. Mr. West, on seeing the "Elgin Collection" (I suppose we shall hear of the "Abershaw" and "Jack Shephard" collection), declared himself "a mere tyro" in art.

95. Poor Crib was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House. He asked if it was not "a stone shop ?" He was right ; it *is* a shop.

96. That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of the British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty is the study of nature. But, had we a right to diminish the interest of Athens for selfish motives, and prevent successive generations of other nations from seeing those admirable sculptures ? The Temple of Minerva was spared as a beacon to the world, to direct it to the knowledge of purity of taste. What can we say to the

disappointed traveller, who is now deprived of the rich gratification which would have compensated his travel and his toil? It will be little consolation to him to say he may find the sculpture of the Parthenon in England. — *H. W. Williams.*

97. The affair of Copenhagen. Copenhagen was bombarded by sea by Admiral Lord Gambier (1756–1833), and by land by General Lord Cathcart (1755–1843), September 2–8, 1807. The citadel was given up to the English, and the Danes surrendered their fleet, with all the naval stores, and their arsenals and dockyards. The expedition was "promptly and secretly equipped" by the British government "with an activity and celerity," says Koch ("History of Europe," p. 214), "such as they had never displayed in sending aid to their allies," with a view to anticipate the seizure and appropriation of the Danish fleet by Napoleon and Alexander ["Greene's History English People" (1875), p. 799].

98. "Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!" — *Pope.*

99. The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

100. The beautiful but barren Hymettus, the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, etc., are in themselves poetical; and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins were swept from the earth. But, am I to be told that the "nature" of Attica would be *more* poetical without the "art" of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical, the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's ship was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves. But it is the "*art*," the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. I opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins*

are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art. — *B. Letters*, 1821.

101. Glance their many-twinkling feet. — *Gray.*

102. To rival Lord Wellesley's, or his nephew's, as the reader pleases: the one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for; and the other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, "by Shrewsbury clock," without gaining anything in *that* country but the title of "the Great Lord," and "the Lord;" which savours of profanation, having been hitherto applied only to that Being to whom Te Deums for carnage are the rankest blasphemy. It is to be presumed the general will one day return to his Sabine farm; there

> "To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,
> *Almost as quickly* as he conquered Spain!"

The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer; we do more — we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If the "great Lord's" *Cincinnatian* progress in agriculture be no speedier than the proportional average of time in Pope's couplet, it will, according to the farmers' proverb, be "ploughing with dogs."

By the bye, one of this illustrious person's new titles is forgotten; it is, however, worth remembering: "*Salvador del mundo!*" *credite posteri!* If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula to the name of a *man* who has not yet saved them — query — are they worth saving, even in this world? for, according to the mildest modifications of any Christian creed, those three words make the odds much against them in the next. "Saviour of the world," quotha! — it were to be wished that he, or any one else, could save a corner of it — his country. Yet this stupid misnomer, although it shows the near connection between superstition and impiety, so far has its use, that it proves there can be little to dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics, too) who can confer such an appellation on a *Protestant.* I suppose next year he will be entitled the "Virgin Mary;" if so, Lord George Gordon himself would have nothing to object to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

103. Among the addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee was one by Doctor Busby, which began by asking:

> "When energising objects men pursue,
> What are the prodigies they cannot do?"

104. The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently commended — nor subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in the various despatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being too much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C——, in swimming rivers frozen, and galloping over roads impassable), that one entire province perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows: In General Rostopchin's consummate conflagration, the consumption of tallow and train-oil was so great that the market was inadequate to the demand: and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death, by being reduced to wholesome diet! The lamplighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) apiece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound), to the relief of the surviving Scythians; — the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the *quality* rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day's meal to our suffering manufacturers.

105. Austerlitz was fought on December 2, 1805. On December 20th the *Morning Chronicle* published a communication from a correspondent giving the substance of Napoleon's "Proclamation to the Army," issued on the evening after the battle, which had reached Bourrienne, the French minister at Hamburg. "An army," ran the proclamation, "of one hundred thousand men, which was commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, has been in less than four hours either cut off or dispersed." It was an official note of this "blest despatch," forwarded by courier to Bath, which brought "the heavy news" to Pitt, and, it is believed, hastened his death.

106. Dancing-girls, who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.

107. It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time, of the "Sieur de la Croix," that there be "no whiskers;" but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may *still* be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none — Scipio himself was shaven — Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide); Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none — Buonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; "*argal*" greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together — but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did *against* long hair in the reign of Henry I. Formerly, *red* was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barrey's comedy of "Ram Alley," 1661; Act i, Scene 1.

"*Taffeta.* Now for a wager — What coloured beard comes next by the window?

"*Adriana.* A black man's, I think.

"*Taffeta.* I think not so: I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion."

There is "nothing new under the sun;" but *red*, then a *favourite*, has now subsided into a *favourite's* colour.

108. An anachronism — Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz are before said to have opened the ball together: the bard means (if he means anything), Waltz was not so much in vogue till the Regent attained the acme of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all their glory, much about the same time: of these the comet only has disappeared; the other three continue to astonish us still. — *Printer's Devil.*

109. Amongst others a new ninepence — a creditable coin now forthcoming, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calculation.

110. "Oh that *right* should thus overcome *might!*" Who

does not remember the "delicate investigation" in the "Merry Wives of Windsor?"

"*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

"*Mrs. Ford.* What have you to do whither they bear it? —you were best meddle with buck-washing."

111. The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases — there are several dissyllabic names at *his* service (being already in the Regent's): it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweepstakes; — a distinguished consonant is said to be the favourite, much against the wishes of the *knowing ones.*

112. "We have changed all that," says the Mock Doctor — 'tis all gone — Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history; viz., a mass of solid stone, only to be opened by force, and when divided, you discover a *toad* in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

113. In Turkey a pertinent, here an impertinent and superfluous, question — literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a waltz in Pera. *Vide Morier's Travels.*

114. I once heard Sheridan repeat, in a ball-room, some verses, which he had lately written on waltzing; and of which I remember the following:

"With tranquil step, and timid, downcast glance,
Behold the well-paired couple now advance.
In such sweet posture our first parents moved,
While, hand in hand, through Eden's bowers they roved,
Ere yet the Devil, with promise fine and false,

Turned their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz.
One hand grasps hers, the other holds her hip :

. . . . . .

For so the law's laid down by Baron Trip."

This gentleman, whose name suits so aptly as a legal authority on the subject of waltzing, was, at the time these verses were written, well known in the dancing circles. — *Moore.*

115. A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles. "There are," says Cumberland, in his *Observer*, "a few lines by Plato, upon the tomb of Themistocles, which have a turn of elegant and pathetic simplicity in them that deserves a better translation than I can give :

"'By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand :
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store ;
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.'"

116. "Of the beautiful flow of Byron's fancy," says Moore, "when its sources were once opened on any subject, 'The Giaour' affords one of the most remarkable instances : this poem having accumulated under his hand, both in printing and through successive editions, till from four hundred lines, of which it consisted in its first copy, it at present amounts to fourteen hundred. The plan, indeed, which he had adopted, of a series of fragments, — a set of 'Orient pearls at random strung,' — left him free to introduce, without reference to more than the general complexion of his story, whatever sentiments or images his fancy, in its excursions, could collect ; and how little fettered he was by any regard to connection in these additions, appears from a note which accompanied his own copy of this paragraph, in which he says : 'I have not yet fixed the place of insertion for the following lines, but will, when I see you — as I have no copy.' Even into this new passage, rich as it was at first, his fancy afterward poured a fresh infusion." The value of these after-

touches of the master may be appreciated by comparing the following verses, from his original draft of this paragraph, with the form which they now wear:

"Fair clime! where *ceaseless summer* smiles,
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And *give* to loneliness delight.
There *shine the bright abodes ye seek*,
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek,
So smiling round the waters lave
These Edens of the eastern wave.
Or if, at times, the transient breeze
Break the *smooth* crystal of the seas,
Or *brush* one blossom from the trees,
How *grateful* is the gentle air
That waves and wafts the *fragrance* there."

The whole of this passage from line 7 down to line 167, "Who heard it first had cause to grieve," was not in the first edition.

117. The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations. [Thus, Mesihi, as translated by Sir William Jones:

"Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring:
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obeyed.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade."]

118. The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night; with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

119. If once the public notice is drawn to a poet, the talents he exhibits on a nearer view, the weight his mind carries with it in his every-day intercourse, somehow or other, are reflected around on his compositions, and coöperate in giving a collateral force to their impression on the public. To this we must assign some part of the impression made by the

"Giaour." The thirty-five lines beginning "He who hath bent him o'er the dead" are so beautiful, so original, and so utterly beyond the reach of any one whose poetical genius was not very decided, and very rich, that they alone, under the circumstances explained, were sufficient to secure celebrity to this poem. — *Sir E. Brydges.*

120. "Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
To lye in cold obstruction ?"
— *Measure for Measure.*

121. I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked, in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character ; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

122. In Dallaway's "Constantinople," a book which Lord Byron is not unlikely to have consulted, I find a passage quoted from Gillies's "History of Greece," which contains, perhaps, the first seed of the thought thus expanded into full perfection by genius : "The present state of Greece compared to the ancient, is the silent obscurity of the grave contrasted with the vivid lustre of active life." — *Moore.*

123. There is infinite beauty and effect, though of a painful and almost oppressive character, in this extraordinary passage ; in which the author has illustrated the beautiful, but still and melancholy aspect of the once busy and glorious shores of Greece, by an image more true, more mournful, and more exquisitely finished, than any that we can recollect in the whole compass of poetry. — *Jeffrey.*

124. Athens is the property of the Kislar Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Way-wode. A pander and eunuch — these are not polite, yet true appellations — now *governs* the *governor* of Athens !

125. The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat on the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem. — *George Ellis.*

126. In Doctor Clarke's "Travels," this word, which means *Infidel*, is always written according to its English pronunciation, *Djour*. Lord Byron adopted the Italian spelling usual among the Franks of the Levant.

127. "Tophaike," musket. — The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset; the illumination of the mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

128. "*Hasty* blush." — For *hasty*, all the editions till the twelfth read "*darkening* blush."

129. Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople. I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.

130. Every gesture of the impetuous horseman is full of anxiety and passion. In the midst of his career, whilst in full view of the astonished spectator, he suddenly checks his steed, and rising on his stirrup, surveys, with a look of agonising impatience, the distant city illuminated for the feast of Bairam; then pale with anger, raises his arm as if in menace of an invisible enemy; but awakened from his trance of passion by the neighing of his charger, again hurries forward, and disappears. — *George Ellis.*

131. This part of the narrative not only contains much brilliant and just description, but is managed with unusual taste. The fisherman has, hitherto, related nothing more than the extraordinary phenomenon which had excited his curiosity,

and of which it is his immediate object to explain the cause to his hearers; but instead of proceeding to do so, he stops to vent his execrations on the Giaour, to describe the solitude of Hassan's once luxurious haram, and to lament the untimely death of the owner, and of Leila, together with the cessation of that hospitality which they had uniformly experienced. He reveals, as if unintentionally and unconsciously, the catastrophe of his story; but he thus prepares his appeal to the sympathy of his audience, without much diminishing their suspense. — *George Ellis.*

132. I have just recollected an alteration you may make in the proof. Among the lines on Hassan's Serai, is this:

"Unmeet for solitude to share."

Now, to share implies more than one, and Solitude is a single gentleman; it must be thus:

"For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which solitude might well forbear;"

and so on. Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a Stilton cheese from me for your trouble. — P. S. I leave this to your discretion: if anybody thinks the old line a good one, or the cheese a bad one, don't accept of either. — *B. Letters*, Stilton, Oct. 3, 1813.

133. To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, ensures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.

134. I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panegyric on his bounty; the next on his valour.

135. The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

136. Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

137. "Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam!" peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful:—to a Christian, "Urlarula," a good journey; or "saban hiresem, saban serula;" good morn, good even; and sometimes, "may your end be happy;" are the usual salutes.

138. The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

139. Mr. Dallas says that Lord Byron assured him that the paragraph containing the simile of the scorpion was imagined in his sleep. It forms, therefore, a *pendant* to the "psychological curiosity," beginning with those exquisitely musical lines:

"A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid," etc.

The whole of which, Mr. Coleridge says, was composed by him during a siesta.

140. Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned toward the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict, "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of a hypothesis.

141. Phingari, the moon.

142. The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also "the cup of the sun," etc. In the first edition, "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables, so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other. [In the first edition, Lord Byron had used this word as a trisyllable,—"Bright as the gem of Giamschid,"—but, on my remarking to him, upon the authority of Richardson's Persian Dictionary, that this was incorrect, he

altered it to "Bright as the ruby of Giamschid." On seeing this, however, I wrote to him, "that, as the comparison of his heroine's eye to a ruby might unluckily call up the idea of its being bloodshot, he had better change the line to 'Bright as the jewel of Giamschid';" which he accordingly did, in the following edition. — *Moore.*]

143. Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth, narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "facilis descensus Averni," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downward for the Jews and Christians.

144. The virgins of Paradise, called from their large black eyes, *Hur al oyun.* An intercourse with these, according to the institution of Mahomet, is to constitute the principal felicity of the faithful. Not formed of clay like mortal women, they are adorned with unfading charms, and deemed to possess the celestial privilege of an eternal youth. See *D'Herbelot* and Sale's *Koran.*

145. A vulgar error: the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

146. An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

147. Hyacinthine, in Arabic "Sunbul;" as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

148. "Franguestan," Circassia.

149. Bismillah — "In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

150. A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's,

to the horror of all the dragomans ; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

151. "Amaun," quarter, pardon.

152. The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

153. The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

154. This beautiful passage first appeared in the third edition. "If you send more proofs," writes Lord Byron to Mr. Murray (August 10, 1813), "I shall never finish this infernal story. *Ecce signum* — thirty-three more lines enclosed ! — to the utter discomfiture of the printer, and, I fear, not to your advantage."

155. The "Calpac" is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

156. The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

157. "Alla Hu !" the concluding words of the muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the minaret. On a still evening, when the muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom. [Valid, the son of Abdalmalek, was the first who erected a minaret or turret; and this he placed on the grand mosque at Damascus, for the muezzin, or crier, to announce from it the hour of prayer. This practice has constantly been kept to this day. — See *D'Herbelot.*]

158. The following is part of a battle-song of the Turks : "I see — I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee,'" etc.

159. Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight novitiate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red-hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full. — See *Relig. Ceremon.* and Sale's *Koran.*

160. Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

161. The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on "Thalaba," quotes, about these "Vroucolochas," as he calls them. The Romaic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Broucolokas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation — at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil. The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

162. The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

163. With the death of Hassan, or with his interment on the place where he fell, or with some moral reflections on his fate, we may presume that the original narrator concluded the tale of which Lord Byron has professed to give us a fragment. But every reader, we are sure, will agree with us in thinking that the interest excited by the catastrophe is greatly heightened in the modern poem; and that the imprecations of the Turk, against the "accursed Giaour," are introduced with great judgment, and contribute much to the dramatic effect of the narrative. The remainder of the poem, we think, would have been more properly printed as a second canto; because a total change of scene, and a chasm of no less than six years in the series of events, can scarcely fail to occasion some little confusion in the mind of the reader. — *George Ellis.*

164. The remaining lines, about five hundred in number, were, with the exception of the last sixteen, all added to the poem, either during its first progress through the press, or in subsequent editions.

165. Seeing himself accused of having, in this passage, too closely imitated Crabbe, Lord Byron wrote to a friend: "I have read the *British Review*, and really think the writer in most points very right. The only mortifying thing is the accusation of imitation. Crabbe's passage I never saw; and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his *lyric* measure, which is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who likes it. The Giaour is certainly a bad character, but not dangerous; and I think his fate and his feelings will meet with few proselytes."

166. The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

167. This superstition of a second hearing (for I never met with downright second sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. "We are in peril," he answered. "What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves." — "True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears." — "The shot! not a tophaike has been fired this morning." — "I hear it notwithstanding — Bom — Bom — as plainly as I hear your voice." — "Psha!" — "As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be." — I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate

Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "*Palao-castro*" man. "No," said he, "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;" and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *forehearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to "Childe Harold," Canto Second. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in "villainous company," and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat and his native mountains. — I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March, 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined. "Well, Affendi," quoth he, "may you live! — you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow; in the winter I return; perhaps you will then receive me." — Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, "In the meantime he will join the Klephtes" (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

168. These, in our opinion, are the most beautiful passages of the poem, and some of them of a beauty which it would not be easy to eclipse by many citations in the language. — *Jeffrey.*

169. The hundred and twenty-six lines which follow, down to "Tell me no more of fancy's gleam," first appeared in the fifth edition. In returning the proof, Lord Byron says: "I have, but with some difficulty, *not* added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month. It is now fearfully long, being more than a canto and

a half of 'Childe Harold.' The last lines Hodgson likes. It is not often he does; and when he don't, he tells me with great energy, and I fret, and alter. I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel; and, for a dying man, have given him a good deal to say for himself. Do you know anybody who can stop — I mean, *point* — commas, and so forth? for I am, I hear, a sad hand at your punctuation." Among the "Giaour" MSS. is the first draught of this passage, which we subjoin:

"{Yes / If} Love indeed {doth spring / descend / be born} from heaven;
A spark of that {immortal / eternal / celestial} fire,
To human hearts in mercy given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self {each / our} sordid thought;
Devotion sends the soul above,
But Heaven itself descends to love.
Yet marvel not, if they who love
This present joy, this future hope,
Which taught them with all ill to cope,
In madness, then, their fate accuse —
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem {to add but guilt to / but to augment their} woe.
Alas! the {breast / heart} that inly bleeds,
Has nought to dread from outward foe," etc.

170. The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

171. "Symar," a shroud.

172. The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a "wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Bibliothèque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."

173. In this poem, which was published after the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," Lord Byron began to show his powers. He had now received encouragement which set free his daring hands, and gave his strokes their natural force. Here, then, we first find passages of a tone peculiar to Lord Byron; but still this appearance was not uniform: he often returned to his trammels, and reminds us of the manner of some favourite predecessor; among these, I think we some-

times catch the notes of Sir Walter Scott. But the internal tempest — the deep passion, sometimes buried, and sometimes blazing from some incidental touch — the intensity of agonising reflection, which will always distinguish Lord Byron from other writers — now began to display themselves. — *Sir Egerton Brydges.*

174. Murray tells me that Croker asked him why the thing is called the "*Bride* of Abydos?" It is an awkward question, being unanswerable. She is not a bride; only about to be one. I don't wonder at his finding out the *Bull;* but the detection is too late to do any good. I was a great fool to have made it, and am ashamed of not being an Irishman. — *B. Diary*, December 6, 1813.

175. To the "Bride of Abydos" Lord Byron made many additions during its progress through the press, amounting to about two hundred lines; and, as in the case of the "Giaour," the passages so added will be seen to be some of the most splendid in the whole poem. These opening lines, which are among the new insertions, are supposed to have been suggested by a song of Goethe's:

"Kennst du das Land wo die citronen blühn."

176. "Gúl," the rose.

177. Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.
— *Young's Revenge.*

178. Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.

179. Tambour. Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.

180. The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundredfold) even more than they hate the Christians.

181. These twelve fine lines were added in the course of printing.

182. This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and,

if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii. cap. 10. — *De l'Allemagne.* And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy? With the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still, I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination, but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and, looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied! — [This morning, a very pretty billet from the Staël. She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to the "Bride." This is to be accounted for in several ways: firstly, all women like all, or any praise; secondly, this was unexpected, because I have never courted her; and, thirdly, as Scrub says, those who have been all their lives regularly praised, by regular critics, like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and, fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason, after all, and, perhaps, the only one. — *B. Diary*, December 7, 1813.]

183. Among the imputed plagiarisms so industriously hunted out in his writings, this line has been, with somewhat more plausibility than is frequent in such charges, included; the lyric poet Lovelace having, it seems, written "The melody and music of her face." Sir Thomas Browne, too, in his "Religio Medici," says, "There is music even in beauty." The coincidence, no doubt, is worth observing, and the task of "tracking thus a favourite writer in the snow (as Dryden expresses it) of others," is sometimes not unamusing; but to those who found upon such resemblances a general charge of plagiarism, we may apply what Sir Walter Scott says: "It is a favourite theme of laborious dullness to trace such coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and of

course to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics." — *Moore.*

184. Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia: those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

185. When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan's respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the seraglio gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

186. Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

187. "Chiboque," the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouthpiece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

188. "Maugrabee," Moorish mercenaries.

189. "Delis," bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

190. A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

191. "Ollahs," Alla il Allah, the "Leilies," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios, form an amusing contrast.

192. "Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

193. The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, etc., are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

194. It has been much doubted whether the notes of this "Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the "errare mallem," etc., *if* Mr. Fox *was* mistaken.

195. "Azrael," the angel of death.

196. The treasures of the Pre-Adamite Sultans. See *D'Herbelot*, article "Istaker."

197. "Musselim," a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agas.

198. "Egripo," the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens are the worst of their respective races.

199. "Tchocadar," one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

200. The wrangling about this epithet, "the broad Hellespont" or the "boundless Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the meantime; and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of "the tale of Troy divine" still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word "απειρος:" probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.

201. Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, etc. He was afterward imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend,

named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsietes and Antilochus: the first is in the centre of the plain.

202. When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but *not* disagreeable. [On discovering that, in some of the early copies, the all important monosyllable "not" had been omitted, Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Murray: "There is a diabolical mistake which must be corrected; it is the omission of '*not*' before disagreeable, in the note on the amber rosary. This is really horrible, and nearly as bad as the stumble of mine at the threshold — I mean the *misnomer* of Bride. Pray do not let a copy go without the '*not:*' it is nonsense, and worse than nonsense. I wish the printer was saddled with a vampire."]

203. The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn around the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

204. "Comboloio," a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "*blues*" might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

205. "Galiongée" — or Galiongi, a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

206. The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst

those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water or the wavering of flame. I asked the Arminian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was "piu feroce." I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

207. It is to be observed that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew: indeed, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred writ; and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife, and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem. [Some doubt having been expressed by Mr. Murray, as to the propriety of putting the name of Cain into the mouth of a Mussulman, Lord Byron sent him the preceding note — "for the benefit of the ignorant." "I don't care one lump of sugar," he says, "for my poetry; but for my costume, and my correctness on those points, I will combat lustily."]

208. Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widin, who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

209. "Horse-tail," the standard of a Pacha.

210. Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper, after dressing.

211. The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

212. Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts, in 1789-90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

213. "Rayahs," — all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."

214. The first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

215. The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture which was indescribable.

216. The longest, as well as most splendid, of those passages, with which the perusal of his own strains, during revision, inspired him, was that rich flow of eloquent feeling which follows the couplet, "Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark," etc., — a strain of poetry, which, for energy and tenderness of thought, for music of versification, and selectness of diction, has, throughout the greater portion of it, but few rivals in either ancient or modern song. — *Moore.*

217. Originally written thus:

"And tints to-morrow with { an airy / a fancied } ray."

The following note being annexed: "Mr. Murray, choose which of the two epithets, 'fancied' or 'airy,' may be best; or if neither will do, tell me, and I will dream another." In a subsequent letter, he says: "Instead of —

"And tints to-morrow with a *fancied* ray,

Print —

"And tints to-morrow with *prophetic* ray;

Or —

"And { gilds / tints } the hope of morning with its ray;

Or —

"And gilds to-morrow's hope with heavenly ray.

I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford which of them is best; or, rather, *not worst.*"

218. "Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise.

219. You wanted some reflections; and I send you *per Selim*, eighteen lines in decent couplets, of a pensive, if not an *ethical*, tendency. One more revise — positively the last, if decently done — at any rate, the *pen*ultimate. Mr. Canning's approbation, I need not say, makes me proud.[1] To make you some amends for eternally pestering you with alterations, I send you Cobbett, — to confirm your orthodoxy. — *Lord B. to Mr. M.*

220. A turban is carved in stone above the graves of *men* only.

221. The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in *public.*

222. I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, "Where are they?" — *From an Arabic MS.* The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader; it is given in the first annotation, p. 67, of "The Pleasures of Memory;" a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous, but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.

223. "And airy tongues that *syllable* men's names."
— *Milton.*

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her room in the shape of a raven (see Orford's Reminiscences), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester

[1] Mr. Canning's note was as follows: "I received the books, and among them, the 'Bride of Abydos.' It is very, very beautiful. Lord Byron (when I met him, one day, at a dinner at Mr. Ward's) was so kind as to promise to give me a copy of it. I mention this, not to save my purchase, but because I should be really flattered by the present."

lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see Orford's Letters.

224. The heroine of this poem, the blooming Zuleika, is all purity and loveliness. Never was a faultless character more delicately or more justly delineated. Her piety, her intelligence, her strict sense of duty, and her undeviating love of truth, appear to have been originally blended in her mind, rather than inculcated by education. She is always natural, always attractive, always affectionate; and it must be admitted that her affections are not unworthily bestowed. Selim, while an orphan and dependant, is never degraded by calamity; when better hopes are presented to him, his buoyant spirit rises with his expectations: he is enterprising, with no more rashness than becomes his youth; and when disappointed in the success of a well-concerted project, he meets, with intrepidity, the fate to which he is exposed through his own generous forbearance. To us, "The Bride of Abydos" appears to be, in every respect, superior to "The Giaour," though, in point of diction, it has been, perhaps, less warmly admired. We will not argue this point, but will simply observe, that what is read with ease is generally read with rapidity; and that many beauties of style which escape observation in a simple and connected narrative, would be forced on the reader's attention by abrupt and perplexing transitions. It is only when a traveller is obliged to stop on his journey, that he is disposed to examine and admire the prospect. — *George Ellis.*

225. The "Bride," such as it is, is my first *entire* composition of any length (except the Satire, and be d—d to it), for the "Giaour" is but a string of passages, and "Childe Harold" is, and I rather think always will be, unconcluded. It was published on Thursday, the 2d of December; but how it is liked, I know not. Whether it succeeds or not, is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint. But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most important reader; as it wrung my thoughts from reality

to imagination, from selfish regrets to vivid recollections, and recalled me to a country replete with the brightest and darkest, but always most lively colours of my memory. — *B. Diary*, Dec. 5, 1813.

226. The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours' sail of the Continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.

227. In the features of Conrad, those who have looked upon Lord Byron will recognise some likeness; and the ascetic regimen which the noble poet himself observed was no less marked in the preceding description of Conrad's fare. To what are we to ascribe the singular peculiarity which induced an author of such talent, and so well skilled in tracing the darker impressions which guilt and remorse leave on the human character, so frequently to affix features peculiar to himself to the robbers and corsairs which he sketched with a pencil as forcible as that of Salvator? More than one answer may be returned to this question; nor do we pretend to say which is best warranted by the facts. The practice may arise from a temperament which radical and constitutional melancholy had, as in the case of Hamlet, predisposed to identify its owner with scenes of that deep and amazing interest which arises from the stings of conscience contending with the stubborn energy of pride, and delighting to be placed in supposed situations of guilt and danger, as some men love instinctively to tread the giddy edge of a precipice, or, holding by some frail twig, to stoop forward over the abyss into which the dark torrent discharges itself. Or, it may be that these disguises were assumed capriciously, as a man might chuse the cloak, poniard, and dark lantern of a bravo, for his disguise at a masquerade. Or, feeling his own powers in painting the sombre and the horrible, Lord Byron assumed in his fervour the very semblance of the characters he describes; like an actor who presents on the stage at once his own person and the tragic character with which for the time he is invested. Nor, is it altogether incompatible with his character to believe that, in contempt of the criticisms which, on this account, had attended "Childe Harold," he was determined to show to the public

how little he was affected by them, and how effectually it was in his power to compel attention and respect, even when imparting a portion of his own likeness and his own peculiarities, to pirates and outlaws. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

228. That Conrad is a character not although out of nature, I shall attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing "The Corsair."

"Eccelin prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silence menaçant, il fixoit sur la terre son visage féroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes partes cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes partes. . . . Eccelin étoit d'une petite taille; mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat. — Son langage étoit amer, son déportement superbe — et par son seul regard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis." — *Sismondi*, tome iii. p. 219.

Again, "Gizericus (Genseric, king of the Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and Rome), staturâ mediocris, et equi casu claudicans, animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxuriæ contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad solicitandas gentes providentissimus," etc. — *Jornandes de Rebus Geticis*, c. 33.

I beg leave to quote these gloomy realities to keep in countenance my "Giaour" and "Corsair."

229. Lord Byron has made a fine use of the gentleness and submission of the females of these regions, as contrasted with the lordly pride and martial ferocity of the men; and though we suspect he has lent them more *soul* than of right belongs to them, as well as more delicacy and reflection, yet, there is something so true to female nature in general, in his representations of this sort, and so much of the Oriental softness and acquiescence in his particular delineations, that it is scarcely possible to refuse the picture the praise of being characteristic and harmonious, as well as eminently sweet and beautiful in itself. — *Jeffrey.*

230. "Orlando Furioso," Canto x.

231. We do not know anything in poetry more beautiful or touching than this picture of their parting. — *Jeffrey.*

232. By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water.

233. Coffee.

234. "Chibouque," pipe.

235. Dancing girls.

236. It has been observed that Conrad's entering disguised as a spy is out of nature. Perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history.— "Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genseric was afterwards mortified by the discovery that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction; but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero." — See *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 180.

237. The Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

238. "Zatanai," Satan.

239. A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's Memoirs, page 24. "The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field."

240. Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the pomegranate.

241. In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn, in the Tower, when grasping her neck, she remarked, that it "was too slender to trouble the headsman much." During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some "mot" as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

242. The opening lines, as far as Section ii., have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem; but they were written on the spot, in the spring of 1811, and — I scarce know why — the reader must excuse their appearance here — if he can.

243. Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

244. The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.

245. The Kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. — Cephisus's stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

246. Of the brilliant skies and variegated landscapes of Greece every one has formed to himself a general notion, from having contemplated them through the hazy atmosphere of some prose narration; but, in Lord Byron's poetry, every image is distinct and glowing, as if it were illuminated by its native sunshine; and in the figures which people the landscape we behold, not only the general form and costume, but the countenance, and the attitude, and the play of features and of gesture accompanying, and indicating the sudden impulses of momentary feelings. The magic of colouring by which this is effected is, perhaps, the most striking evidence of Lord Byron's talent. — *George Ellis.*

247. The whole of this section was added in the course of printing.

248. The comboloio, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine.

249. By the way — I have a charge against you. As the great Mr. Dennis roared out on a similar occasion, "By G—d, *that* is *my* thunder!" — so do I exclaim, "*This* is *my* lightning!" I allude to a speech of Ivan's, in the scene with Petrowna and the Empress, where the thought and almost expression are similar to Conrad's in the third canto of the "Corsair." I, however, do not say this to accuse you, but to except myself from suspicion, as there is a priority of six months' publication, on my part, between the appearance of that composition and of your tragedies. — *Lord B. to Mr. Sotheby*, Sept. 25, 1815. The following are the lines in Mr. Sotheby's tragedy:

"And I have leapt
In transport from my flinty couch, to welcome
The thunder as it burst upon my roof;
And beckoned to the lightning, as it flashed
And sparkled on these fetters."

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's precaution, the coincidence in question was cited against him, some years after, in a periodical journal.

250. I have added a section for *Gulnare*, to fill up the parting, and dismiss her more ceremoniously. If Mr. Gifford or you dislike, 'tis but a *sponge* and another midnight. — *Lord B. to Mr. M.*, Jan. 11, 1814.

251. In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

252. These sixteen lines are not in the original MS.

253. In "The Corsair," Lord Byron first felt himself at full liberty; and then all at once he shows the unbroken stream of his native eloquence, of rapid narrative, of vigorous and intense, yet unforced, imagery, sentiment, and thought; of extraordinary elasticity, transparency, purity, ease, and harmony of language; of an arrangement of words, never trite, yet always simple and flowing; — in such a perfect expression of ideas, always impressive, generally pointed, frequently passionate, and often new, that it is perspicuity itself, with not a superfluous word, and not a word out of its natural place. It is strange that he who was so young, who had led a life of adventure more than of study, nay, who had often seemed a good deal encumbered in his phraseology, could all at once arrive at this excellence. It must have been the exaltation of spirit caused by temporary and unexpected favour, which, by removing the gloom from his heart, imparted extraordinary vigour to his intellect. — *Sir E. Brydges.*

The "Corsair" is written in the regular heroic couplet, with a spirit, freedom, and variety of tone of which, notwithstanding the example of Dryden, we scarcely believed that measure susceptible. It was yet to be proved that this, the most ponderous and stately verse in our language, could be

accommodated to the variations of a tale of passion and of pity, and to all the breaks, starts, and transitions of an adventurous and dramatic narration. This experiment Lord Byron has made, with equal boldness and success; and has satisfied us that the oldest and most respectable measure that is known amongst us is at least as flexible as any other, and capable, in the hands of a master, of vibrations as strong and rapid as those of a lighter structure. — *Jeffrey.*

That the point of honour which is represented in one instance of Conrad's character has not been carried beyond the bounds of probability, may perhaps be in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a brother buccaneer in the year 1814: "Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barrataria; but few, we believe, were informed of the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the information of such as were unacquainted with it, we have procured from a friend the following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has personal knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest some of our readers. Barrataria is a bay, or a narrow arm of the Gulf of Mexico; it runs through a rich but very flat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi River fifteen miles below the city of New Orleans. The bay has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can lie concealed from the severest scrutiny. It communicates with three lakes which lie on the southwest side, and these with the lake of the same name, and which lies contiguous to the sea, where there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake and the sea. The east and west points of this island were fortified, in the year 1811, by a band of pirates under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte. A large majority of these outlaws are of that class of the population of the State of Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo during the troubles there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba; and when the last war between France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave that island with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony, they entered the United States, the most of them the State of Louisiana, with all the negroes they had possessed in

Cuba. They were notified by the governor of that State of the clause in the constitution which forbade the importation of slaves; but, at the same time, received the assurance of the governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approbation of the general government for their retaining this property. The island of Barrataria is situated about lat. 29 deg. 15 min., lon. 92. 30, and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and shell fish with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like Charles de Moor, had mixed with his many vices some virtues. In the year 1813, this party had, from its turpitude and boldness, claimed the attention of the governor of Louisiana; and to break up the establishment he thought proper to strike at the head. He therefore offered a reward of $500 for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known to the inhabitants of the city of New Orleans, from his immediate connection, and his once having been a fencing-master in that city of great reputation, which art he learnt in Buonaparte's army, where he was a captain. The reward which was offered by the governor for the head of La Fitte was answered by the offer of a reward from the latter of $15,000 for the head of the governor. The governor ordered out a company to march from the city to La Fitte's island, and to burn and destroy all the property, and to bring to the city of New Orleans all his banditti. This company, under the command of á man who had been the intimate associate of this bold captain, approached very near to the fortified island, before he saw a man, or heard a sound, until he heard a whistle, not unlike a boatswain's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men who had emerged from the secret avenues which led into Bayou. Here it was that the modern Charles de Moor developed his few noble traits; for to this man, who had come to destroy his life and all that was dear to him, he not only spared his life, but offered him that which would have made the honest soldier easy for the remainder of his days; which was indignantly refused. He then, with the approbation of his captor, returned to the city. This circumstance, and some concomitant events, proved that this band of pirates was not to be taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that quarter, exertions for the destruc-

tion of this illicit establishment could not be expected from them until augmented; for an officer of the navy, with most of the gunboats on that station, had to retreat from an overwhelming force of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy authorised an attack, one was made; the overthrow of this banditti has been the result; and now this almost invulnerable point and key to New Orleans is clear of an enemy, it is to be hoped the government will hold it by a strong military force."—*American Newspaper.*

In Noble's continuation of Granger's "Biographical History" there is a singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne; and as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it. "There is something mysterious in the history and character of Doctor Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known; and report has even asserted he was a buccaneer; and that one of his brethren in that profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is Archbishop of York. We are informed that Blackbourne was installed subdean of Exeter in 1694, which office he resigned in 1702; but after his successor Lewis Barnet's death, in 1704, he regained it. In the following year he became dean; and in 1714 held with it the archdeanery of Cornwall. He was consecrated Bishop of Exeter, February 24, 1716; and translated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward, according to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop he behaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the sea. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek

tragedians), as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Shakespeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages, and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ-church College, Oxford. He is allowed to have been a pleasant man; this, however, was turned against him, by its being said, 'He gained more hearts than souls.'"

The only voice that could soothe the passions of the savage (Alphonso III.) was that of an amiable and virtuous wife, the sole object of his love; the voice of Donna Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and the granddaughter of Philip II., King of Spain. Her dying words sunk deep into his memory; his fierce spirit melted into tears; and after the last embrace, Alphonso retired into his chamber to bewail his irreparable loss, and to meditate on the vanity of human life. — *Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works.*

Appendix

Appendix

REMARKS ON THE ROMAIC OR MODERN GREEK LANGUAGE, WITH SPECIMENS AND TRANSLATIONS[1]

Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects, than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors, as the Greeks of the present century. "Ay," but say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well, and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject; sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction; if he doubts, he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What, then, is left

[1] These "Remarks" were written in the spring of 1811, while Lord Byron was in the Capuchin Convent at Athens.

him if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography. And it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder, then, that in a catalogue, now before me, of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on anything but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius's "Ecclesiastical History." From this, I subjoin an extract of those who have written on general subjects, which will be followed by some specimens of the Romaic.

LIST OF ROMAIC AUTHORS[1]

Neophitus, Diakonos (the deacon) of the Morea, has published an extensive grammar, and also some political regulations, which last were left unfinished at his death.

Prokopius, of Moscopolis (a town in Epirus), has written and published a catalogue of the learned Greeks.

Seraphin, of Periclea, is the author of many works in the Turkish language, but Greek character; for the Christians of Caramania, who do not speak Romaic, but read the character.

Eustathius Psalidas, of Bucharest, a physician, made the tour of England for the purpose of study (*χάριν μαθήσεως*): but, though his name is enumerated, it is not stated that he has written anything.

Kallinikus Torgeraus, Patriarch of Constantinople: many poems of his are extant, and also prose tracts, and a catalogue of patriarchs since the last taking of Constantinople.

Anastasius Macedon, of Naxos, member of the Royal Academy of Warsaw: a church biographer.

Demetrius Pamperes, a Moscopolite, has written many works, particularly "A Commentary on Hesiod's Shield of Hercules," and two hundred tales (of what is not specified), and has published his correspondence with the celebrated George of Trebizond, his contemporary.

[1] It is to be observed that the names given are not in chronological order, but consist of some selected at a venture from amongst those who flourished from the taking of Constantinople to the time of Meletius.

Meletius, a celebrated geographer, and author of the book from whence these notices are taken.

Dorotheus, of Mitylene, an Aristotelian philosopher: his Hellenic works are in great repute, and he is esteemed by the moderns (I quote the words of Meletius) *μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφῶντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων.* I add further, on the authority of a well-informed Greek, that he was so famous amongst his countrymen, that they were accustomed to say, if Thucydides and Xenophon were wanting, he was capable of repairing the loss.

Marinus Count Tharboures, of Cephalonia, professor of chemistry in the Academy of Padua, and member of that academy, and those of Stockholm and Upsal: he has published, at Venice, an account of some marine animal, and a treatise on the properties of iron.

Marcus, brother to the former, famous in mechanics: he removed to St. Petersburg the immense rock on which the statue of Peter the Great was fixed in 1769. See the dissertation which he published in Paris, 1777.

George Constantine has published a four-tongued lexicon.

George Ventote: a lexicon in French, Italian, and Romaic.

There exist several other dictionaries in Latin and Romaic, French, etc., besides grammars in every modern language except English.

Amongst the living authors, the following are most celebrated:[1]

Athanasius Parios has written a treatise on rhetoric in Hellenic.

Christodoulos, an Acarnanian, has published, in Vienna, some physical treatises in Hellenic.

Panagiotes Kodrikas, an Athenian, the Romaic translator of Fontenelle's "Plurality of Worlds" (a favourite work amongst the Greeks), is stated to be a teacher of the Hellenic and Arabic languages in Paris, in both of which he is an adept.

Athanasius, the Parian, author of a treatise on rhetoric.

Vicenzo Damodos, of Cephalonia, has written "*εἰς τὸ μεσοβάρβαρον*," on logic and physics.

John Kamarases, a Byzantine, has translated into French

[1] These names are not taken from any publication.

Ocellus on the Universe: he is said to be an excellent Hellenist and Latin scholar.

Gregorio Demetrius published, in Vienna, a geographical work: he has also translated several Italian authors, and printed his versions at Venice.

Of Coray and Psalida some account has been already given.

GREEK WAR SONG[1]

ΔΕΥ᾽ΤΕ, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων,
ὁ καῖρος τῆς δόξης ἦλθεν,
ἂς φανῶμεν ἄξιοι ἐκείνων
ποῦ μᾶς δῶσαν τὴν ἀρχήν·
Ἂς πατήσωμεν ἀνδρείως
τὸν ζυγὸν τῆς τυραννίδος.
Ἐκδικήσωμεν πατρίδος
καθ᾽ ὄνειδος αἰσχρόν.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάβωμεν·
παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἄγωμεν.
ποταμιδὸν ἐχθρῶν τὸ αἷμα
ἂς τρέξῃ ὑπὸ ποδών.

Ὅθεν εἶσθε τῶν Ἑλλήνων
κόκκαλα ἀνδρειωμένα;
πνεύματα ἐσκορπισμένα,
τώρα λάβετε πνοήν;
᾽σ τὴν φωνὴν τῆς σαλπιγγός μου
συναχθήτε ὅλα ὅμου·
τὴν ἑπτάλοφον ζητεῖτε,
καὶ νικᾶτε πρὸ παντοῦ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάβωμεν, etc.

Σπάρτα, Σπάρτα, τί κοιμᾶσθε
ὕπνον λήθαργον, βαθύν;

[1] A translation of this song will be found among the smaller Poems.

ξύπνησον, κράξε Ἀθήνας,
σύμμαχον παντοτεινήν.
Ἐνθυμείθητε Λεοννίδου
ἥρωος τοῦ ἀξακουστου,
τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐπαινεμένου
φοβεροῦ καὶ τρομεροῦ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάβωμεν, etc.

Ὁ που εἰς τὰς Θερμοπύλας
πόλεμον αὐτὸς κροτεῖ.
καὶ τοὺς Πέρσας ἀφανίζει
καὶ αὐτῶν κατὰ κρατεῖ·
Μὲ τριακοσίους ἄνδρας,
εἰς τὸ κέντρον προχωρεῖ,
καὶ, ὡς λέων θυμώμενος,
εἰς τὸ αἷμα τῶν βουτεῖ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάβωμεν, etc.

ROMAIC EXTRACTS

Ῥώσσος, Ἄγκλος, καὶ Γάλλος κάμνοντες τὴν περιήγησιν τῆς Ἑλλάδος, καὶ βλέποντες τὴν ἀθλίαν τὴν κατάστασιν, εἰρώτησαν καταρχὰς ἕνα Γραικὸν φιλέλληνα διὰ νὰ μάθουν τὴν αἰτίαν, μετ' αὐτὸν ἕνα μητροπολίτην, εἶτα ἕνα βλάχμπεην, ἔπειτα ἕνα πραγματευτὴν, καὶ ἕνα προεστῶτα.

Εἰπέ μας, ὦ φιλέλληνα, πῶς φέρεις τὴν σκλαβίαν
καὶ τὴν ἀπαρηγόρητον τῶν Τούρκων τυραννίαν;
πῶς ταῖς ξυλαῖς καὶ ὑβρισμοὺς καὶ σιδηροδεσμίαν
παίδων, παρθένων, γυναικῶν ἀνήκουστον φθορεῖαν;
Δὲν εἶσθαι ἐσεῖς ἀπόγονοι ἐκείνων τῶν Ἑλλήνων
τῶν ἐλευθέρων καὶ σοφῶν καὶ τῶν φιλοπατρίδων·
καὶ πῶς ἐκεῖνοι ἀπέθνησκον διὰ τὴν ἐλευθερίαν
καὶ τώρα ἐσεῖς ὑπούκεισθαι εἰς τέτοιαν τυραννίαν,

καὶ ποῖον γένος ὡς ἐσεῖς ἐστάθη φωτισμένον
εἰς τὴν σοφίαν, δύναμιν, εἰς κ᾽ ὅλα ζακουσμένον·
πῶς νῦν ἐκαταστήσατε τὴν φωτινὴν Ἑλλάδα.
βαβά! ὡς ἕνα σκέλεθρον, ὡς σκοτεινὴν λαμπάδαν!
Ὁμίλει, φίλτατε Γραικέ, εἰπέ μας τὴν αἰτίαν:
μὴ κρύπτῃς τίποτης ἡμῶν, λύε τὴν ἀπορίαν.

Ὁ ΦΙΛΕΛΛΗΝΟΣ

Ῥωσσ-αγκλο-γάλλοι, Ἕλλὰς, καὶ ὄχι ἄλλοι,
ἦτον, ὡς λέτε, τόσον μεγάλη,
νῦν δὲ ἄθλια, καὶ ἀναξία
ἀφ᾽ οὗ ἄρχισεν ἡ ἀμαθία.
ὅστ᾽ ἠμποροῦσαν νὰ τὴν ξυπνήσῃ
τοῦτ᾽ εἰς τὸ χεῖρον τὴν ὁδηγοῦσι.
αὐτὴ στενάζει, τὰ τέκνα κράζει,
στὸ νὰ προκόπτουν ὅλα προστάζει,
καὶ τότε ἐλπίζει ὅτι κερδίζει.
εὑρεῖν, ὁποῦ᾽ χει νῦν τὴν φλογίζει.
Μὰ ὅστις τολμήσει νὰ τὴν ξυπνήσῃ
πάγει στὸν ἅδην χωρίς τινα κρίσιν.

The above is the commencement of a long dramatic satire on the Greek priesthood, princes, and gentry; it is contemptible as a composition, but perhaps curious as a specimen of their rhyme: I have the whole in MS., but this extract will be found sufficient. The Romaic in this composition is so easy as to render a version an insult to a scholar, but those who do not understand the original will excuse the following bad translation of what is in itself indifferent.

TRANSLATION

A Russian, Englishman, and Frenchman, making the tour of Greece, and observing the miserable state of the country,

interrogate, in turn, a Greek patriot, to learn the cause; afterwards an archbishop, then a Vlackbey,[1] a merchant, and cogia bachi or primate.

Thou friend of thy country! to strangers record,
Why bear ye the yoke of the Ottoman lord?
Why bear ye these fetters thus tamely display'd,
The wrongs of the matron, the stripling, and maid?
The descendants of Hellas's race are not ye!
The patriot sons of the sage and the free,
Thus sprung from the blood of the noble and brave,
To vilely exist as the Mussulman slave!
Not such were the fathers your annals can boast,
Who conquer'd and died for the freedom you lost!
Not such was your land in her earlier hour,
The daystar of nations in wisdom and power!
And still will you thus unresisting increase—
Oh, shameful dishonour!—the darkness of Greece?
Then tell us, beloved Achæan! reveal
The cause of the woes which you cannot conceal.

The reply of the Philellenist I have not translated, as it is no better than the question of the travelling triumvirate; and the above will sufficiently show with what kind of composition the Greeks are now satisfied. I trust I have not much injured the original in the few lines given as faithfully and as near the "Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!" measure of the Romaic as I could make them. Almost all their pieces, above a song, which aspire to the name of poetry, contain exactly the quantity of feet of

"A captain bold of Halifax, who lived in country quarters,"

which is, in fact, the present heroic couplet of the Romaic.

[1] Vlackbey, prince of Wallachia.

SCENE FROM 'Ο ΚΑΦΕΝΕ'Σ

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOLDONI, BY SPIRIDION VLANTI

ΣΚΗΝΗ ΚΓ'

ΠΛΑΤΖΙΔΑ *εἰς τὴν πόρταν τοῦ χανιοῦ, καὶ οἱ ἄνωθεν.*

ΠΛΑ. Ω Θεέ! *ἀπὸ τὸ παραθύρι μοῦ ἐφάνη νὰ ἀκούσω τὴν φωνὴν τοῦ ἀνδρός μου· ἂν αὐτὸς εἶναι ἐδώ, ἔφθασα σὲ καιρὸν νὰ τὸν ξεντροπιάσω.* [*Εὐγαίνει ἕνας δοῦλος ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι.*] *Παλικάρι, πές μου, σὲ παρακαλῶ, ποιὸς εἶναι ἐκεῖ εἰς ἐκείνους τοὺς ὀντάδες;*

ΔΟΥΛ. *Τρεῖς χρήσιμοι ἄνδρες. Ἕνας ὁ κὺρ Εὐγένιος, ὁ ἄλλος ὁ κὺρ Μάρτιος Νεαπολιτάνος, καὶ ὁ τρίτος ὁ Κύρ Κόντε Λέανδρος Ἀρδέντης.*

ΠΛΑ. (*Ἀνάμεσα εἰς αὐτοὺς δὲν εἶναι ὁ Φλαμίνιος, ἂν ὅμως δὲν ἄλλαξεν ὄνομα.*)

ΛΕΑ. *Νὰ ζῇ ἡ καλὴ τύχη τοῦ κὺρ Εὐγενίου.* [*Πίνωντας.*]

Ὅ ΟΛΟΙ. *Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ.*

ΠΛΑ. (*Αὐτὸς εἶναι ὁ ἄνδρας μοῦ χωρὶς ἄλλο.*) *Καλὲ ἄνθρωπε, κάμε μοῦ τὴν χαρὶν νὰ μὲ συντροφεύσῃς ἀπάνω εἰς αὐτοὺς τοὺς ἀφεντάδες, ὁποῦ θέλω νὰ τοὺς παίξω μίαν.* [*Πρὸς τὸν δοῦλον.*]

ΛΟΥ. *Ὁρισμός σας·* (*συνηθισμένον ὀφφίκιον τῶν δουλευτῶν.*) [*Τὴν ἐμπάζει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι τοῦ παιγνιδιοῦ.*]

ΡΙΔ. *Καρδιὰ, καρδιὰ, κάμετε καλὴν καρδιὰν, δὲν εἶναι τίποτες.* [*Πρὸς τὴν Βιττόριαν.*]

ΒΙΤ. *Ἐγὼ αἰσθάνομαι πῶς ἀπεθαίνω·* [*Συνέρχεται εἰς τὸν ἑαυτόν της.*]

[*Ἀπὸ τὰ παράθυρα τῶν ὀντάδων φαίνονται ὅλοι, ὁποῦ σηκόνωνται ἀπὸ τὸ τραπέζι συγχισμένοι, διὰ τὸν ξαφνισμὸν τοῦ Λεάνδρου βλέπωντας τὴν Πλάτζιδα, καὶ διατὶ αὐτὸς δείχνει πῶς θέλει νὰ τὴν φονεύσῃ.*]

ΕΥΓ. Ὄχι, σταθητε.

ΜΑΡ. Μὴν κάμνετε. . . .

ΛΕΑ. Σίκω, φύγε ἀπ' ἐδώ.

ΠΛΑ. Βοήθεια, βοήθεια. [Φεύγει ἀπὸ τὴν σκάλαν, ὁ Λέανδρος θέλει νὰ τὴν ἀκολουθήσῃ μὲ τὸ σπαθὶ, καὶ ὁ Εὐγτὸν βαστᾶ.]

[ΤΡΑ. μὲ ἕνα πιάτο μὲ φαγὶ εἰς μίαν πετζέτα πηδᾷ ἀπὸ τὸ παραθύρι, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸν καφενέ.]

[ΠΛΑ. εὐγαίνει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι τοῦ παιγνιδιοῦ τρέχωντας, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸ χάνι.]

[ΕΥΓ. μὲ ἅρματα εἰς τὸ χέρι πρὸς διαφέντευσιν τῆς Πλάτζιδας, ἐναντίον τοῦ Λεάνδρου, ὁπῷ τὴν κατατρέχει.]

[ΜΑΡ. εὐγαίνει καὶ αὐτὸς σιγὰ σιγὰ ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι, καὶ φεύγει λέγωντας· Rumores fuge.] [Ῥουμόρες φεύγε.][1]

[Οἱ Δούλοι ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι ἀπερνοῦν εἰς τὸ χάνι, καὶ κλειοὺν τὴν πόρταν.]

[ΒΙΤ. μένει εἰς τὸν καφενὲ βοηθημένη ἀπὸ τὸν Ῥιδόλφον.]

ΛΕΑ. Δόσετε τόπον· θέλωρινά ἔμβω νὰ ἔμβω εἰς ἐκεῖνο τὸ χάνι. [Μὲ τὸ σπαθὶ εἰς τὸ χέ· ἐναντίον τοῦ Εὐγενίου.]

ΕΥΓ. Ὄχι, μὴ γένοιτο ποτέ εἶσαι ἕνας σληρόκαρδος ἐναντίον τῆς γυναικός σου, καὶ ἐγὼ θέλει τήν διαφεντεύσω ὡς εἰς τὸ ὕστερον αἷμα.

ΛΕΑ. Σοῦ κάμνω ὅρκον πῶς θέλει τὸ μετανοιώσῃς. [Κινηγᾷ τὸν Εὐγένιον μὲ τὸ σπαθί.]

ΕΥΓ. Δὲν σὲ φοβοῦμαι. [Κατατρέχει τὸν Λέανδρον, καὶ τὸ βιάζει νὰ συρθῇ ὀπίσω τόσον, ὁποῦ εὑρίσκωντας ἀνοικτὸν τὸ σπῆτι τῆς χορεύτριας, ἐμβαίνει εἰς αὐτὸ, καὶ σώνεται.]

TRANSLATION

PLATZIDA, FROM THE DOOR OF THE HOTEL, AND THE OTHERS

Pla. Oh, God! from the window it seemed that I heard my husband's voice. If he is here, I have arrived in time to make

[1] Δόγος λατινικὸς, ὁποῦ θέλεινὰ εἰπῇ φεύγε ταῖς σύγχισες.

him ashamed. [*A servant enters from the Shop.*] Boy, tell me, pray, who are in those chambers.

Serv. Three gentlemen: one, Signor Eugenio; the other, Signor Martio, the Neapolitan; and the third, my Lord, the Count Leander Ardenti.

Pla. Flaminio is not amongst these unless he has changed his name.

Leander. [*Within, drinking.*] Long live the good fortune of Signor Eugenio.

[*The whole company*, Long live, etc.] (Literally, Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ, May he live.)

Pla. Without doubt that is my husband. [*To the Serv.*] My good man, do me the favour to accompany me above to those gentlemen: I have some business.

Serv. At your commands. [*Aside.*] The old office of us waiters. [*He goes out of the Gaming-House.*]

Ridolpho. [*To* Victoria *on another part of the stage.*] Courage! courage! Be of good cheer; it is nothing.

Victoria. I feel as if about to die. [*Leaning on him as if fainting.*]

[*From the windows above, all within are seen rising from table in confusion;* Leander *starts at the sight of* Platzida, *and appears by his gestures to threaten her life.*]

Eugenio. No; stop ——

Martio. Don't attempt ——

Leander. Away! fly from hence!

Pla. Help! help! [*Flies down the stairs*, Leander *attempting to follow with his sword*, Eugenio *hinders him.*]

[Trapolo, *with a plate of meat, leaps over the balcony from the window, and runs into the Coffee-House.*]

[Platzida *runs out of the Gaming-House, and takes shelter in the Hotel.*]

[Martio *steals softly out of the Gaming-House, and goes off, exclaiming,* "Rumores fuge." *The servants from the Gaming-House enter the Hotel, and shut the door.*]

[Victoria *remains in the Coffee-House assisted by* Ridolpho.]

[Leander, *sword in hand, opposite* Eugenio, *exclaims:* Give way; I will enter that hotel.]

Eugenio. No; that shall never be. You are a scoundrel to your wife, and I will defend her to the last drop of my blood.

Leander. I will give you cause to repent this. [*Menacing with his sword.*]

Eugenio. I fear you not. [*He attacks* Leander, *and makes him give back so much, that, finding the door of the dancing-girl's house open,* Leander *escapes through, and so finishes.*][1]

ΔΙΑ'ΛΟΓΟΙ ΟΙ'ΚΙΑΚΟΙ	FAMILIAR DIALOGUES
Διὰ νὰ ζητήσῃς ἕνα πρᾶγμα	*To ask for anything*
Σᾶς παρακαλῶ, δόσετέ με ἂν ὁρίζετε.	I pray you, give me if you please.
Φέρετέ με.	Bring me.
Δανείσετέ με.	Lend me.
Πηγαίνετε νὰ ζητήσετε.	Go to seek.
Τώρα εὐθύς.	Now directly.
Ὦ ἀκριβέ μου Κύριε, κάμετέ με αὐτὴν τὴν χάριν.	My dear Sir, do me this favour.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς παρακαλῶ.	I entreat you.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς ἐξορκίζω.	I conjure you.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς τὸ ξητῶ διὰ χάριν.	I ask it of you as a favour.
Ὑποχρεώσετέ με εἰς τόσον.	Oblige me so much.
Λόγια ἐρωτικὰ, ἢ ἀγάπης	*Affectionate expressions*
Ζωή μου.	My life.
Ἀκριβή μου ψυχή.	My dear soul.

[1] Σώνεται, "finishes," awkwardly enough, but it is the literal translation of the Romaic. The original of this comedy of Goldoni's I never read, but it does not appear one of his best. "Il Bugiardo" is one of the most lively, but I do not think it has been translated into Romaic; it is much more amusing than our own "Liar" by Foote. The character of Lelio is better drawn than young Wilding. Goldoni's comedies amount to fifty; some, perhaps, the best in Europe, and others the worst. His life is also one of the best specimens of autobiography, and, as Gibbon has observed, "more dramatic than any of his plays." The above scene was selected as containing some of the most familiar Romaic idioms, not for any wit which it displays, since there is more done than said, the greater part consisting of stage directions. The original is one of the few comedies by Goldoni which is without the buffoonery of the speaking harlequin.

Αγαπητέ μου, ἀκριβέ μου.	My dear.
Καρδίτζα μου.	My heart.
Ἀγάπη μου.	My love.

Διὰ νὰ εὐχαριστήσης, νὰ κάμης περιποίησες, καὶ φιλικαῖς δεξίωσες	*To thank, pay compliments, and testify regard*
Ἐγὼ σᾶς εὐχαριστῶ.	I thank you.
Σᾶς γνωρίζω χάριν.	I return you thanks.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεος κατὰ πολλά.	I am much obliged to you.
Ἐγὼ θέλω τὸ κάμει μετὰ χαρᾶς.	I will do it with pleasure.
Μὲ ὅλην μου τὴν καρδίαν.	With all my heart.
Μὲ καλήν μου καρδίαν.	Most cordially.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεος.	I am obliged to you.
Εἶμαι ὅλος ἐδικος σας.	I am wholly yours.
Εἶμαι δοῦλος σας.	I am your servant.
Ταπεινότατος δοῦλος.	Your most humble servant.
Εἶστε κατὰ πολλὰ εὐγενικός.	You are too obliging.
Πολλὰ πειράζεσθε.	You take too much trouble.
Τὸ ἔχω διὰ χαράν μου νὰ τὰς δολεύσω.	I have a pleasure in serving you.
Εἶστε εὐγενικὸς καὶ εὐπροσήγορος.	You are obliging and kind.
Αὐτὸ εἶναι πρέπον.	That is right.
Τὶ θέλετε; τὶ ὁρίζετε;	What is your pleasure?
	What are your commands?
Σᾶς παρακαλῶ νὰ μὲ μεταχειρίζεσθε ἐλεύθερα.	I beg you will treat me freely.
Χωρὶς περιποίησες.	Without ceremony.
Σᾶς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.	I love you with all my heart.
Καὶ ἐγὼ ὁμοίως.	And I the same.
Τιμήσετε μὲ ταῖς προσαγαῖς σας.	Honour me with your commands.
Ἔχετε τίποτες νὰ μὲ προστάξετε;	Have you any commands for me?
Προστάξετε τὸν δοῦλον σας.	Command your servant.
Προσμένω τὰς προσαγὰς σας.	I wait your commands.
Μὲ κάμνετε μεγάλην τιμῆν.	You do me great honour.
Φθάνουν ἡ περιποίησες σᾶς παρακαλῶ.	Not so much ceremony, I beg.

Πρασκυνήσετε ἐκμέρους μου τὸν ἄρχοντα, ἤ τὸν κύριον.	Present my respects to the gentleman, or his lordship.
Βεβαιώσετε τὸν πῶς τὸν ἐνθυμοῦμαι.	Assure him of my remembrance.
Βεβαιώσετε τὸν πῶς τὸν ἀγαπῶ.	Assure him of my friendship.
Δὲν θέλω λείψει νὰ τοῦ τὸ εἰπῶ.	I will not fail to tell him of it.
Προσκυνήματα εἰς τὴν ἀρχόντισσαν.	My compliments to her ladyship.
Πηγαίνετε ἐμπροσθὰ καὶ σᾶς ἀκολουθῶ.	Go before, and I will follow you.
Ἠξεύρω καλὰ τὸ χρέος μου.	I well know my duty.
Ἠξεύρω τὸ εἶναί μου.	I know my situation.
Μὲ κάμνετε νὰ ἐντρέπωμαι μὲ ταῖς τόσαις φιλοφροσύναις σας.	You confound me with so much civility.
Θέλετε λοιπὸν νὰ κάμω μίαν ἀρχειότητα;	Would you have me then be guilty of an incivility?
Ὑπάγω ἐμπροσθὰ διὰ νὰ σᾶς ὑπακούσω.	I go before to obey you.
Διὰ νὰ κάμω τὴν προσταγήν σας.	To comply with your command.
Δὲν ἀγαπῶ τόσαις περιποίησες.	I do not like so much ceremony.
Δὲν εἶμαι στελείως περιποιητικος.	I am not at all ceremonious.
Αὐτὸ εἶναι τὸ καλίτερον.	This is better.
Τόσον τὸ καλίτερον.	So much the better.
Ἔχετε λόγον, ἔχετε δίκαιον.	You are in the right.

Διὰ νὰ βεβαιώσης, νὰ ἀρνηθῆς, νὰ συγκατανευσὴς, καὶ τζ.	*To affirm, deny, consent, etc.*
Εἶναι ἀληθινὸν, εἶναι ἀληθέστατον.	It is true; it is very true.
Διὰ νὰ σᾶς εἴπω τὴν ἀλήθειαν.	To tell you the truth.
Ὄντως, ἔτζη εἶναι.	Really, it is so.
Ποῖος ἀμφιβάλλει;	Who doubts it?
Δὲν εἶναι ποσῶς ἀμφιβολία.	There is no doubt.
Τὸ πιστεύω, δὲν τὸ πιστεύω.	I believe it; I do not believe it.
Λέγω τὸ ναί.	I say yes.
Λέγω τὸ ὄχι.	I say no.
Βάλλω στίχημα ὅτι εἶναι.	I wager it is.
Βάλλω στίχημα ὅτι δὲν εἶναι ἔτζη.	I wager it is not so.

Ναὶ, μὰ τὴν πίστιν μου.	Yes, by my faith.
Εἰς τὴν συνείδησίν μου.	In conscience.
Μὰ τὴν ζωήν μου.	By my life.
Ναὶ, σᾶς ὀμνύω.	Yes; I swear it to you.
Σᾶς ὀμνύω ὡσὰν τεμημένος ἄνθρωπος.	I swear to you as an honest man.
Σᾶς ὀμνύω ἐπάνω εἰς τὴν τιμήν μου.	I swear to you on my honour.
Πιστεύσετέ με.	Believe me.
Ἠμπορῶ νὰ σᾶς τὸ βεβαιώσω.	I can assure you of it.
Ἤθελα βάλῃ στίχημα, ὅτι θέλετε διὰ τοῦτο.	I would lay what bet you please on this.
Μὴ τύχῃ καὶ ἀστείζεσθε (χορατεύετε);	You jest by chance?
Ὁμιλεῖτε μὲ τὰ ὅλα σας;	Do you speak seriously?
Ἐγὼ σᾶς ὁμιλῶ με τὰ ὅλα μου, καὶ σᾶς λέγω τὴν ἀλήθειαν.	I speak seriously to you, and tell you the truth.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς τὸ βεβαιώνω.	I assure you of it.
Τὸ ἐπροφητεύσετε.	You have guessed it.
Τὸ ἐπιτεύχετε.	You have hit upon it.
Σᾶς πιστεύω.	I believe you.
Πρέπει νὰ σᾶς πιστεύσω.	I must believe you.
Αὐτὸ δὲν εἶναι ἀδύνατον.	This is not impossible.
Τὸ λοιπὸν ἂς εἶναι με καλὴν ὥραν.	Then it is very well.
Καλὰ, καλά.	Well, well.
Δὲν εἶναι ἀληθινόν.	It is not true.
Εἶναι ψεῦδες.	It is false.
Δὲν εἶναι τίποτες ἀπὸ αὐτό.	There is nothing of this.
Εἶναι ἕνα ψεῦδος μία ἀπάτη.	It is a falsehood, an imposture.
Ἐγὼ ἀστείζομουν (ἐχοράτευα).	I was in joke.
Ἐγὼ τὸ εἶπα διὰ νὰ γελάσω.	I said it to laugh.
Τῇ ἀληθείᾳ.	Indeed.
Μὲ ἀρέσει κατὰ πολλά.	It pleases me much.
Συλκατανεύω εἰς τοῦτο.	I agree with you.
Δίδω τὴν ψῆφον μου.	I give my assent.
Δὲν ἀντιστέκομαι εἰς τοῦτο.	I do not oppose this.
Εἶμαι σύμφωνος, ἐκ συμφώνου.	I agree.
Ἐγὼ δὲν θέλω.	I will not.
Ἐγὼ ἐναντιώνομαι εἰς τοῦτο.	I object to this.

Διὰ νὰ συμβουλευθῆς, νὰ στοχασθῆς, ἢ νὰ ἀποφασίσης	*To consult, consider, or resolve*
Τί πρέπει νὰ κάμωμεν;	What ought we to do?
Τί θὰ κάμωμεν;	What shall we do?
Τί μὲ συμβουλεύετε νὰ κάμω;	What do you advise me to do?
Ὁποῖον τρόπον θέλομεν μεταχειρισθῆ ἡμεῖς;	What part shall we take?
Ἂς κάμωμεν ἔτζη.	Let us do this.
Εἶναι καλίτερον ἐγὼ νὰ ——	It is better that I ——
Σταθῆτε ὀλίγον.	Wait a little.
Δὲν ἤθελεν εἶναι καλίτερον νὰ ——	Would it not be better that ——
Ἐγὼ ἀγαποῦτα καλίτερα.	I wish it were better.
Θέλετε κάμει καλίτερα ἂν ——	You will do better if ——
Ἀφήσετέ με.	Let me go.
Ἂν ἤμουν εἰς τὸν τόπον σας ἐγὼ ——	If I were in your place I ——
Εἶναι τὸ ἴδιον.	It is the same.

The reader, by the specimens below, will be enabled to compare the modern with the ancient tongue.

PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL

Νέον	Αὐθεντικόν
Κεφάλ. ά	Κεφάλ. ά
1. Ἐἰς τὴν ἀρχὴν ἦτον ὁ λόγος· καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦτον μετὰ Θεοῦ· καὶ Θεὸς ἦτον ὁ λόγος.	1. Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν, καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.
2. Ἐτοῦτος ἦτον εἰς τὴν ἀρχὴν μετὰ Θεοῦ.	2. Οὗτος ἦν ἐν ἀρχῇ πρὸς τὸν Θεόν.
3. Ὅλα [τὰ πράγματα] διὰ μέσου τοῦ [λόγου] ἐγίνηκαν, καὶ χωρὶς αὐτὸν δὲν ἔγινε κανένα εἴτι ἔγινε.	3. Πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο· καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἕν, ὃ γέγονεν.
4. Εἰς αὐτὸν ἦτον ζωὴ· καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦτον τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.	4. Ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.
5. Καὶ τὸ φῶς εἰς τὴν σκοτειαν φέγγει, καὶ ἡ σκοτεία δὲν τὸ κατάλαβε.	5. Καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν.

6. Ἔγινεν ἕνας ἄνθρωπος ἀπεσταλμένος ἀπὸ τὸν Θεὸν, τὸ ὄνομά τοῦ Ἰωάννης.	6. Ἐγένετο ἄνθρωπος ἀπεσταλμένος παρὰ Θεοῦ, ὄνομα αὐτῷ Ἰωάννης.

THE INSCRIPTIONS AT ORCHOMENUS, FROM MELETIUS

ΟΡΧΟΜΕΝΟΣ, κοινῶς Σκριποῦ, Πόλις ποτὲ πλουσιωτάτη καὶ ἰσχυρωτάτη, πρότερον καλουμένη Βοιωτικαὶ Ἀθῆναι, εἰς τὴν ὁποίαν ἦτον ὁ Ναὸς τῶν Χαρίτων, εἰς τὸν ὁποῖον ἐπλήρωνον τέλη οἱ Θηβαῖοι, οὗτινος τὸ ἔδαφος ἀνεσκάφθε ποτὲ ὑπὸ τῶν Ἀσπαλάγκων. Ἐπανηγύριζον εἰς αὐτὴν τὴν Πόλιν τὰ Χαριτήσια, τοῦ ὁποίου Ἀγῶνος εὗρον ἐπιγραφὰς ἐν στήλαις ἔνδον τοῦ κτισθέντος Ναοῦ ἐπ' ὀνόματι τῆς Θεοτόκου, ὑπὸ τοῦ Πρωτοσπαθαρίου Λέοντος, ἐπὶ τῶν Βασιλέων βασιλείου, Λέοντος, καὶ Κωνσταντίνου, ἐχούσας οὕτως. Ἐν μὲν τῇ μιᾷ κοινῶς.

"Οἵδε ἐνίκων τὸν ἀγῶνα τῶν Χαριτησίων.
"Σαλπιστής.
"Μῆνις Ἀπολλωνίου Ἀντιοχεὺς ἀπὸ Μαιάνδρου.
"Κήρυξ.
"Ζώϊλος Ζωΐλου Πάφιος.
"Ῥαψῳδός.
"Νουμήνιος Νουμηνίου Ἀθηναῖος.
"Ποιητὴς ἐπῶν.
"Αμηνιας Δημοκλέους Θηβαῖο.
"Αὐλητής.
"Ἀπολλόδοτος Ἀπολλοδότου Κρής.
"Αὐλωδός.
"Ῥόδιππος Ῥοδιπποῦ Ἀργῆος.
"Κιθαριστής.
"Φανίας Ἀπολλοδότου τοῦ Φανίου Αἰολεὺς ἀπὸ Κύμης.
"Κιθαρῳδός.

"Δημήτριος Παρμενίσκου Καλχηδόνιος.
"Τραγῳδός.
"Ἱπποκράτης Ἀριστομένους Ῥόδιος.
"Κωμῳδός.
"Καλλίστρατος Ἐξακέστου Θηβαῖος.
"Ποιητὴς Σατύρων.
"Ἀμηνίας Δημοκλέους Θηβαῖος.
"Ὑποκριτής.
"Δωρόθεος Δωροθέου Ταραντινός.
"Ποιητὴς Τραγωδιῶν.
"Σοφοκλῆς Σοφοκλέους Ἀθηναῖος.
"Ὑποκριτής.
"Καβίριχος Θεοδώρου Θηβαῖος.
"Ποιητὴς Κωμωδιῶν.
"Ἀλέξανδρος Ἀρίστωνος Ἀθηναῖος.
"Ὑποκριτής.
"Ἄτταλος Ἀττάλου Ἀθηναῖος.
"Οἵδε ἐνίκων τὸν νήμητον ἀγῶμα τῶν ὁμοδώων.
"Παῖδας αὐληστάς.
"Διοκλῆς Καλλιμήδου Θηβαῖος.
"Παῖδας ἡγεμόνας.
"Στρατῖνος Εὐνίκου Θηβαῖος.
"Ἄνδρας Αὐλητάς.
"Διοκλῆς Καλλιμήδου Θηβαῖος.
"Ἄνδρας ἡγεμόνας.
"Ῥόδιππος Ῥοδίππου Ἀργεῖος.
"Τραγωδός.
"Ἱπποκράτης Ἀριστομένους Ῥόδιος.
"Κωμωδός.
"Καλλίστρατος Ἐξακέστου Θηβαῖος.
"Τὰ ἐπινίκια.
"Κωμωδιῶν Ποιητής.
"Ἀλέξανδρος Ἀριστίωνος Ἀθηναῖος."

Ἐν δὲ τῇ ἑτερᾷ δωρικῶς.

"Μνασίνω ἄρχοντος ἀγωνοθετίοντος τὸν
"Χαριτείσιον, εὐαριόστω πάντων οἳ τυίδε ἐνικώσαν τὰ
χαριτείτια.
"Σαλπιγκτάς.
"Φίλινος Φιλίνω Ἀθάνειος.
"Κάρυξ.
"Εἰρώδας Σωκράτιος Θείβειος.
"Ποειτάς.
"Μήστωρ Μήστορος Φωκαιεύς.
"Ῥαψευδάς.
"Κράτων Κλίωνος Θείβειος.
"Αὐλειτάς.
"Περιγενεὶς Ἡρακλείδαο Κυζικηνός.
"Αὐλαευδός.
"Δαμηνέτος Γλαύκω Ἄργιος.
"Κιθαριστάς.
"Γάματρος Ἀμαλώω Αἰολεὺς ἀπὸ Μυρίνας.
"Τραγαευδός.
"Ἀσκλαπιόδωρος Πυθεάο Ταραντινός.
"Κωμαευδός.
"Νικόστρατος Φιλοστράτω Θείβειος.
"Τὰ ἐπινίκεια Κωμαευδός.
"Εὔαρχος Ἡροδότω Κορωνεύς."

Ἐν ἄλλῳ Λίθῳ.

"Μύριχος Πολυκράτους Ἰαρώνυμος διογίτωνος ἀνδρεσσι χορα-
"γείσαντες νικάσαντες διονύσου ἀνέθηκαν τίμωνος ἄρχοντος
"αὐλίοντος κλέος ᾄδοντος ἀλκισθένιος."

Ἐν ἑτέρῳ Λίθῳ.

"θυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς θειλουθίω, ἀρχι ..... ὡς Εὔβωλι
"ἀρχεδάμω φωκεῖα ..... ὃς ἀπέδωκα ἀπὸ τὰς σουγγραφῶ

"πέδα τῶν πολεμάρχων, κὴ τῶν κατοπτάων, ἀνελόμενος τὰς
"σουγγραφὼς τὰς κιμένας πὰρ εὐφρόνα, κὴ φιδίαν κὴ πασι-
"κλεῖν ..... κὴ τιμόμειδον φωκείας, κὴ δαμοτελεῖν λυσιδάμω,
"κὴ δίονυσον καφισοδώω χηρωνεῖα κὰτ τὸ ψαφίσμα τῶ δάμω.

"θυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς ἀλαλκομενίω ϝ ἀρνῶν, πολύκλειος
"ταμίας ἀπέδωκε εὐβώλυ ἀρχεδάμω φωκεῖϊ ἀπὸ τᾶς σουγ-
"γραφῶ τὸ καταλύπον κὰτ τὸ ψάφισμα τῶ δάμω, ἀνελόμενος
"τὰς σουγγραφὼ τὸ καταλύπον κὰτ τὸ ψάφισμα τῶ δάμω,
"ἀνελόμενος τὰς σουγγραφὼς τὰς κίμενας πὰρ σώφιλον, κὴ
"εὔφρονα φωκέας. Κὴ πὰρ διωνύσιον καφισοδώρω χηρωνέα,
"κὴ λυσίδαμον δαμοτέλιος πέδα τῶν πολεμάρχων, κὴ τῶν
"κατοπτάων.

"Ἄρχοντος ἐν ἐρχομενὸ θυνάρχω, μενὸς Ἀλαλκομενίω, ἐν δὲ
"ϝ ἐλατίη Μενοίταο Ἀρχελάω μεινὸς πράτω. Ὁμολογᾶ
"Εὔβωλυ ϝ ἐλατίη, ὁ κὴ τῇ πόλι ἐρχομενίων. Ἐπειδὴ κεκο-
"μίστη Εὔβωλος πὰρ τῆς πόλιος τὸ δάνειον ἄπαν κὰτ τὰς
"ὁμολογίας τὰς τεθίσας θυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς θειλουθίω,
"κὴ οὐτ ὀφειλέτη αὐτὼ ἔτι οὐθὲν πὰρ τὰν πόλιν, ἀλλ' ἀπέχι
"πάντα περὶ παντὸς, κὴ ἀποδεδόανθι τῇ πόλι τὸ ἔχοντες τὰς
"ὁμολογίας, εἰ μὲν ποτὶ δεδομένον χρόνον Εὔβωλυ ἐπὶ νομίας
"ϝ ἔτι ἀπέτταρα βούεσσι σοὺν ἵππυς διὰ κατίης ϝι κατι προ-
"βάτυς σοὺν ἤγυς χειλίης ἀρχὶ τῶ χρόνω ὁ ἐνιαυτὸς ὁ μετὰ
"θύναρχον ἄρχοντα ἐρχομενίος ἀπογραφέσθη δὲ Εὔβωλον κατ'
"ἐνιαυτὸν ἕκαστον πὰρ τὸν ταμίαν κὴ τὸν νόμων ἂν τάτε καῦ-
"ματα τῶν προβάτων, κὴ τῶν ἠγῶν, κὴ τῶν βουῶν, κὴ τῶν
"ἵππων, κὴ κάτινα ἀσαμαίων θίκη τὸ πλεῖθος μεὶ ἀπογράφεσο

"ὧδε πλίονα τῶν γεγραμμένων ἐν τῇ σουγχωρείσι ἡ δέκατις
"..... η τὸ ἐννόμιον Εὔβωλον ὀφείλει ..... λις τῶν ἐρχο-
"μενίων ἀργουρίω ..... τετταράκοντα Εὔβωλυ καθ' ἕκαστον
"ἐνιαυτὸν, κὴ τόκον φερέτω δραχμὰς ..... τας μνᾶς ἑκάστας
"κατὰ μεῖνα ..... τὸν κὴ ἔμπρακτος ἔστω τὸν ἐρχομένιον
"..... καὶ τὰ ἑξῆς."

Ἐν ἄλλοις Λίθοις.

"Ἀνοδώρα συνφορον χαῖρε." ΝΟΚΥΕΣ. "Καλλίπιτον
"ἀμφάριχος, καὶ ἄλλαι." Ἐν οὐδεμίᾳ ἐπιγραφῇ ἴδον τόνον, ἢ πνεῦμα, ἃ δὲ ἡμεῖς ὑπογράφομεν, οἱ παλαιοὶ προσέγραφον. Καὶ τὰ ἑξῆς.

The following is the prospectus of a translation of "Anacharsis" into Romaic, by my Romaic master, Marmarotouri, who wished to publish it in England.

ΕΙΔΗ'ΣΙΣ ΤΥΠΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΗ'.

Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν φιλογενεῖς καὶ φιλέλληνας.

ὍΣΟΙ εἰς βιβλία παντοδαπὰ ἐντρυφῶσιν, ἠξεύρουν πόσον εἶναι τὸ χρήσιμον τῆς Ἱστορίας, δι' αὐτῆς γὰρ ἐξευρίσκεται ἡ πλέον μεμακρυσμένη παλαιότης, καὶ θεωροῦνται ὡς ἐν κατόπτρῳ ἤθη, πράξεις καὶ διοικήσεις πολλῶν καὶ διαφόρων Ἐθνῶν καὶ Γενῶν ὧν τὴν μνήμην διεσώσατο καὶ διασώσει ἡ Ἱστορικὴ Διήγησις εἰς αἰῶνα τὸν ἅπαντα.

Μία τέτοια Ἐπιστήμη εἶναι εὐαπόκτητος, καὶ ἐν ταὐτῷ ὠφέλιμη, ἢ κρεῖττον εἰπεῖν ἀναγκαία· διατὶ λοιπὸν ἡμεῖς μόνοι νὰ τὴν ὑστερούμεθα, μὴ ἠξεύροντες οὔτε τὰς ἀρχὰς τῶν Προγόνων μας, πόθεν πότε καὶ πῶς εὑρέθησαν εἰς τὰς Πατρίδας μας, οὔτε τὰ ἤθη, τὰ κατορθώματα καὶ τὴν διοίκησίν των; Ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν τοὺς ἀλλογενεῖς, ἠξεύρουν νὰ μᾶς δώσουν ὄχι

μόνον ἱστορικῶς τὴν ἀρχὴν καὶ τὴν πρόοδον τῶν Προγόνων μας, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοπογραφικῶς μᾶς δείχνουν τὰς θέσεις τῶν Πατρίδων μας, καὶ οἱονεὶ χειραγωγοὶ γινόμενοι μὲ τοὺς γεωγραφικούς τῶν Πίνακας, μᾶς λέγουν, ἐδὼ εἶναι αἱ Ἀθῆναι, ἐδὼ ἡ Σπάρτη, ἐκεῖ αἱ Θῆβαι, τόσα στάδια ἢ μίλια ἀπέχει ἡ μία Ἐπαρχία ἀπὸ τὴν ἄλλην. Τοῦτος ᾠκοδόμησε τὴν μίαν πόλιν, ἐκεῖνος τὴν ἄλλην καὶ τλ. Προσέτι ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν αὐτοὺς τοὺς μὴ Ἕλληνας χειραγωγοὺς μας, πόθεν ἐπαρακινήθησαν νὰ ἐξερευνήσουν ἀρχὰς τόσον παλαιὰς, ἀνυποστόλως μᾶς ἀποκρίνονται μὲ αὐτοὺς τοὺς λόγους. "Καθὼς ὁ ἐκ Σκυθίας Ἀνά-
"χαρσις, ἂν δὲν ἐπεριέρχετο τὰ πανευφρόσυνα ἐκεῖνα Κλίματα
"τῆς Ἑλλάδος, ἂν δὲν ἐμφορεῖτο τὰ ἀξιώματα, τὰ ἤθη καὶ
"τοὺς νόμους τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἤθελε μείνῃ Σκύθης καὶ τὸ
"ὄνομα καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα· οὕτω καὶ ὁ ἡμέτερος Ἰατρὸς, ἂν δὲν
"ἐμάνθανε τὰ τοῦ Ἱπποκράτους, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ προχωρήσῃ
"εἰς τὴν τέχνην τοῦ. Ἂν ὁ ἐν ἡμῖν Νομοθέτης δὲν ἐξέταζε
"τὰ τοῦ Σόλωνος, Λυκούργου, καὶ Πιττακοῦ, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ
"ῥυθμήσῃ καὶ νὰ καλιεργήσῃ τὰ ἤθη τῶν ὁμογενών του· ἂν
"ὁ Ῥήτωρ δὲι ἀπηνθίζετο τὰς εὐφραδείας καὶ τοὺς χαριεντισ-
"μοὺς τοῦ Δημοσθένους, δὲν ἐνεργοῦσεν εἰς τὰς ψυχὰς τῶν
"ἀκροατῶν τοῦ. Ἂν ὁ Νέος Ἀνάχαρσις, ὁ Κύριος Ἀββᾶς
"Βαρθολομαῖος δὲν ἀνεγίνωσκε μὲ μεγάλην ἐπιμονὴν καὶ
"σκέψιν τοὺς πλέον ἐγκρίτους συγγραφεῖς τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἐξε-
"ρευνῶν αὐτοὺς κατὰ βάθος ἐπὶ τριάκοντα δύω ἔτη, δὲν
"ἤθελεν ἐξυφάνῃ τούτην τὴν περὶ Ἑλλήνων Ἱστορίαν τοῦ,
"ἥτις Περιήγησις τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως παρ' αὐτοῦ προσω-
"νομάσθη, καὶ εἰς ὅλας τὰς Εὐρωπαϊκὰς Διαλέκτους μετε-
"γλωττίσθη." Καὶ ἐν ἑνι λόγῳ, οἱ Νεώτεροι, ἂν δὲν ἔπερναν δία ὁδηγοὺς τοὺς Προγόνους μας, ἤθελαν ἴσως περιφέρωνται ματαίως μέχρι τοῦ νῦν. Αὐτὰ δὲν εἶναι Λόγια ἐνθουσιασμένοι διὰ τὸ φιλογενὲς Γραικοῦ, εἶναι δὲ φιλαλήθους Γερμανοῦ, ὅστις ἐμετάφρασε τὸν Νέον Ἀνάχαρσιν ἀπὸ τοῦ Γαλλικοῦ εἰς τὸ Γερμανικόν.

Ἂν λοιπὸν καὶ ἡμεῖς θέλωμεν νὰ μεθέξωμεν τῆς γνώσεως τῶν λαμπρῶν κατορθωμάτων ὁποῦ ἔκαμαν οἱ θαυμαστοὶ ἐκεῖνοι Προπάτορες ἡμῶν, ἂν ἐπιθυμῶμεν νὰ μάθωμεν τὴν πρόοδον καὶ αὔξησίν τῶν εἰς τὰς Τέχνας καὶ Ἐπιστήμας καὶ εἰς κάθε ἄλλο εἶδος μαθήσεως, ἂν ἔχωμεν περιέργειαν νὰ γνωρίσωμεν πόθεν καταγόμεθα, καὶ ὁποίους θαυμαστοὺς καὶ μεγάλους ἄνδρας, εἰ καὶ προγόνους ἡμῶν, φεῦ, ἡμεῖς δὲν γνωρίζομεν, εἰς καιρὸν ὁποῦ οἱ ἀλλογενεῖς θαυμάζουσιν αὐτοὺς, καὶ ὡς πατέρας παντοιασοῦν μαθήσεως σέβονται, ἂς συνδράμωμεν ἅπαντες προθύμως εἰς τὴν ἔκδοσιν τοῦ θαυμασίου τούτου συγγράμματος τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως.

Ἡμεῖς οὖν οἱ ὑπογεγραμμένοι θέλομεν ἐκτελέσει προθύμως τὴν μετάφρασιν τοῦ Βιβλίου μὲ τὴν κατὰ τὸ δυνατὸν ἡμῖν καλὴν φράσιν τῆς νῦν καθ' ἡμᾶς ὁμιλίας, καὶ ἐκδόντες τοῦτο εἰς τύπον, θέλομεν τὸ καλλωπίσει μὲ τοὺς Γεωγραφικοὺς Πίνακας μὲ ἁπλᾶς Ῥωμαϊκὰς λέξεις ἐγκεχαραγμένους εἰς ἐδικάμας γράμματα, προστιθέντες ὅτι ἄλλο χρήσιμον καὶ ἁρμόδιον εἰς τὴν Ἱστορίαν.

Ὅλον τὸ σύγγραμμα θέλει γένει εἰς Τόμους δώδεκα κατὰ μίμησιν τῆς Ἰταλικῆς ἐκδόσεως. Ἡ τιμὴ ὅλου τοῦ Συγγράμματος εἶναι φιορίνια δεκαέξη τῆς Βιέννης διὰ τὴν προσθήκην τῶν γεωγραφικῶν πινάκων. Ὁ φιλογενὴς οὖν Συνδρομητὴς πρέπει νὰ πληρώσῃ εἰς κάθε Τόμον φιορίνι ἕνα καὶ Καραντανία εἴκοσι τῆς Βιέννης, καὶ τοῦτο χωρὶς καμμίαν πρόδοσιν, ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ὁποῦ θέλει τῷ παραδοθῇ ὁ Τόμος τυπωμένος καὶ δεμένος.

Ἐῤῥωμένοι καὶ εὐδαίμονες διαβιώοιτε Ἑλλήνων Παῖδες.
Τῆς ὑμετέρας ἀγάπης ἐξῃρτημένοι.

Ἰωάννες Μαρμαροτούρης.
Δημήτριος Βενιέρης.
Σπυριδων Πρεβέτος.

Ἐν Τριεστίῳ, τῇ πρώτῃ Ὀκτωβρίου, 1799.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ROMAIC

Ὦ ΠΑΤΕΡΑ ΜΑΣ ὁποῦ εἶσαι εἰς τοὺς οὐρανοὺς ἂς ἁγιάσθῃ τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἂς ἔλθῃ ἡ βασιλεία σου. Ἂς γένῃ τὸ θέλημά σου, καθὼς εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν, ἔτζη καὶ εἰς τὴν γῆν. Τὸ ψωμί μας τὸ καθημερινὸν, δός μας τὸ σήμερον. Καὶ συγχώρησέ μας τὰ χρέη μας, καθῶς καὶ ἐμεῖς συγχωροῦμεν τοὺς κρεοφειλέτας μας. Καὶ μὴν μᾶς φέρε εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ἐλευθέρωσέ μας ἀπὸ τὸν πονηρόν. Ὅτι ἐδική σου εἶναι ἡ βασιλεία δὲ, ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

IN GREEK

ΠΑΤΕΡ ἡμῶν, ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου· γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον. Καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν. Καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ. Ὅτι σοῦ ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία, καὶ ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

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